HEAVY METAL™
November 1977
$1.50
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
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The new Model 601 loudspeaker from Bose looks, works, and sounds very different from any conventional floor-standing speaker.

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HEAVY METAL
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THE BIG O CALENDAR
WIZARDRY & WILD ROMANCE 1978

Big O brings you Fantastic Art at its very best. Not so much a calendar, more a unique visual experience to illuminate the passage of the year. Rodney Matthews' vivid compelling illustrations inspired by Michael Moorcock's incredible imagery bring you Corum, Elric & Hawkmoon in their eternal struggle against the Lords of Chaos whilst the Ice Spirit and Tanelorn stand serene in their magical landscapes. Sheer wizardry indeed.

The twelve illustrations are taken from the following Moorcock books:
The Sleeping Sorceress: Elric & Moonglum **GA50,** *Phoenix in Obsidian:* The Sea Chariot of Rowenarc **GA80,** *Lord of the Spiders:* The Great Mishassa **GA54,** *The Oak and the Ram:* The People of the Pines **GA78,** *The Champion of Garathorm:* Ilian of Garathorm **GA81,** *The King of the Swords:* Tanelorn **GA77,** *The Shores of Death:* The Twilight Tower **GA55,** *The Jewel in the Skull:* Hawkmoon Defends Castle Brass **GA53,** *Stormbringer:* The Dragon Lord **GA76,** *Masters of the Pit:* The First Masters **GA79,** *The Knight of the Swords:* Corum Escapes **GA51,** *The Ice Schooner:* The Ice Spirit **GA52.**

In each case, Rodney has interpreted a passage from the book which he feels captures the essence of Michael Moorcock's imagery. And for those Moorcock freaks who can't get enough of the stuff, we've included a current bibliography of the Master's work.

Wizardry & Wild Romance 1978 is printed in full color on fine artboard and we present it to you at a cost of $8.95 in the shops, or $9.50 (inc P&P) direct from Big O.

Each month's illustration is also available as a beautiful full color poster (70 x 100cm) printed on heavy art paper and available in your local record, book or gift shop at $3.50 or $4.00 (inc P&P) from Big O. Titles and ref. nos. given above. Six of these posters have been on sale since last Autumn and now we complete the Wizardry series in grand style with six more of the best. **Don't miss them!**

GA81
ILIAN OF GARATHORM

GA76 *THE DRAGON LORD*

RODNEY MATTHEWS POSTERS

GA62 *SPACE HIJACK*

GA63 *ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE*

The Wizardry series are not the only Rodney Matthews posters in our collection. There are other earlier Greats from the brush of El Magnifico and some new ones too. Recently published are GA56 Yellow Bird is Dead, GA62 Space Hijack (shown here), GA63 Another Time Another Place (shown here), GA70 Out of an Amber Sky, GA71 Arrival of the Fire Clown, GA72 Mongrove, GA73 Venus Cruiser, GA74 Vortex, GA75 Lord Jagged of Canaria. The golden oldies are GA30 Last Armada, GA31 In Search of Forever, GA32 Time for Revenge, GA33 The Leavetaking, GA34 Contemplation, GA35 Forest Reckoning, GA36 Warriors from the Sky, GA37 Twelve Towers at Dawn. Besiege your local store for any one of them at $3.50 or get them from us at $4.00 (inc P&P).

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Big O Posters Inc **DEALERS** Please contact Matt or Arnie Rittberg at Big O on 804 9773035 for more information.

VIEWS

If you've not yet heard of Roger Dean's book **Views**, the best advice we can give is to beat a path down the mountainside to your nearest stockist, thrust $10.95 into his hands and see what all the fuss is about. Or we'll be pleased to send you a copy direct at $11.50 (inc. P&P).

ROGER DEAN POSTERS

Big O publishes many of Roger Dean's album cover designs as beautiful color posters and we have recently put four new posters of his into the shops. The new titles are; GA57 Dragon & Tree, GA58 Budgie, GA60 Greenslade, GA61 Greenslade Sea (shown here). Other best-selling Dean posters available are:
GA1 Osibisa, GA2 Osibisa Woyaya, GA3 Zcarab, GA4 Zcarab Landing, GA5 Paladin Charge, GA6 Uriah Heep, GA9 Badger, GA10 Yessongs-Pathway, GA11 Yessongs-Awakening, GA12 Topographic Oceans, GA13 Yessongs-Escape, GA14 Yessongs-Arrival, GA15 Blue Demon, GA16 Bedside Manners, GA17 Relayer, GA18 Yesterdays, GA19 Close to the Edge, GA25 Virgin Label, GA26 McKendree Spring, GA27 Green Castle, B132 Yes Logo.

GA61 *GREENSLADE SEA*

Each poster is available in the shops at $3.50 and from Big O at $4.00 (inc P&P).

Big O Posters Inc

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Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 8 November 1977

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Front cover by **George Proctor** Back cover by **Tom Barber**

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Dean

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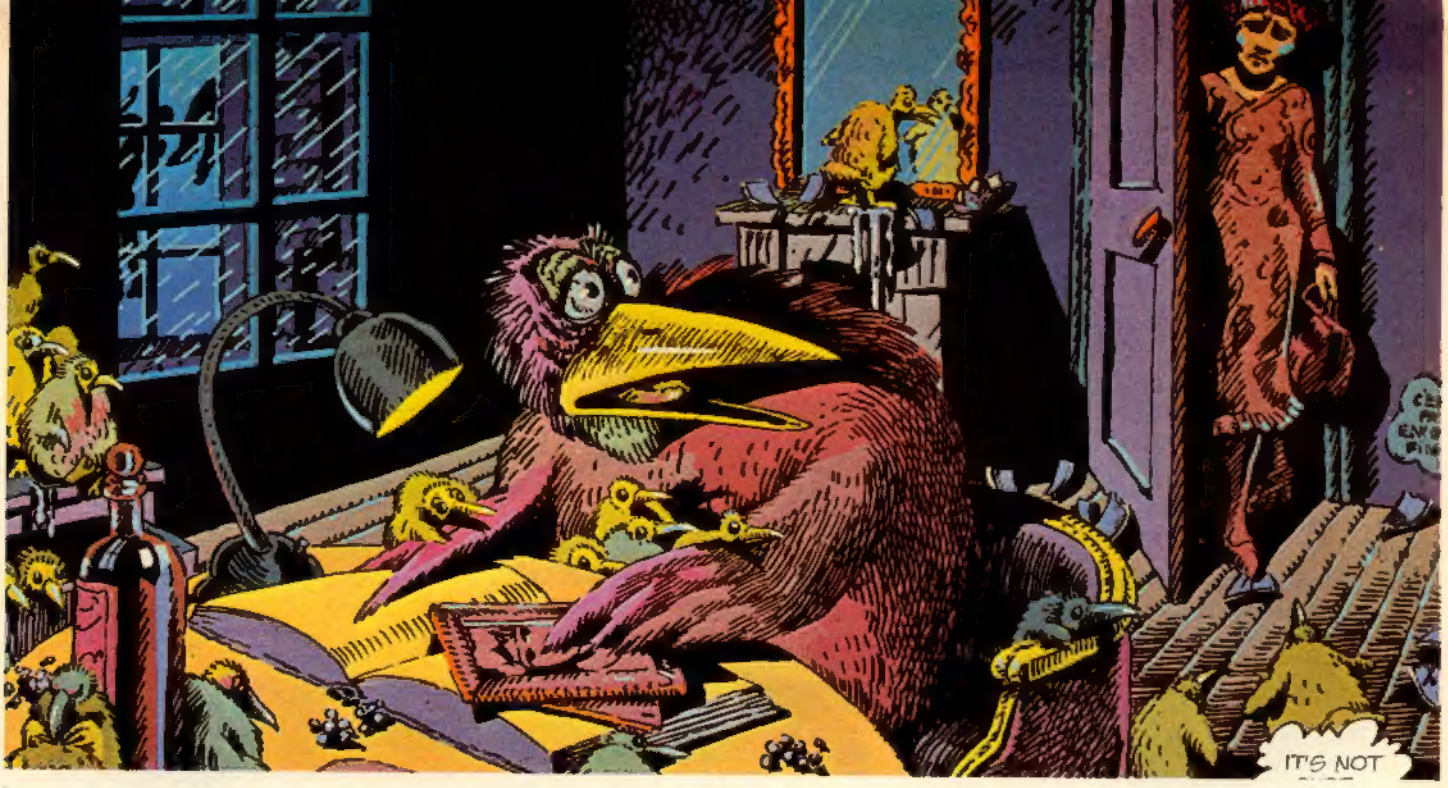

...NONETHELESS...

In our local bookstore and yours, too, in the section where the occult self-help books were (replacing the women's liberation books, which in turn had replaced the American Indian volumes after the Black Studies tomes), we now find shelves of science fiction fantasy paperbacks, hardcovers, fanzines, oversizes, anthologies, collections, serieses, reissues, and so forth.

There is a temptation on the part of science fiction fantasy fans (who thus resemble jazz afficionados, Trotskyites, nudists, and flat earth society members) to believe our time has come—that we are no longer cranks and weirdos, but members of a *majority*: in the cultural mainstream at last!

Forget it.

We are not now, nor have we ever been, a mass movement. We are a conspiracy. Beware of conspiracies that become fads. Popularity can be fatal to the nicest of cults.

Look what happened to Christianity . . .

This issue contains the last chapter of the utterly degenerate serial, "Polonius," as well as the long-awaited conclusion to "World Apart," which is *supposed* to appear without captions or speech balloons, so do not adjust your set. This month's prose fiction is by Harlan Ellison, who modestly assured us that his name on the cover would sell an extra ten thousand copies of our mag. Our fear of becoming popular (see above) prevented our blazoning Mr. Ellison's name on the cover, but you can pretend it's there. He will.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico, $2.00 for foreign. Application for mailing second-class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Robin Chalk, Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. *Chicago:* William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. *West Coast:* Lowell Fox Associates, 16033 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. *Southern Offices:* H. V. Brown Associates, 5825 Glenridge Drive N.E., Building 2—Suite 116, Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

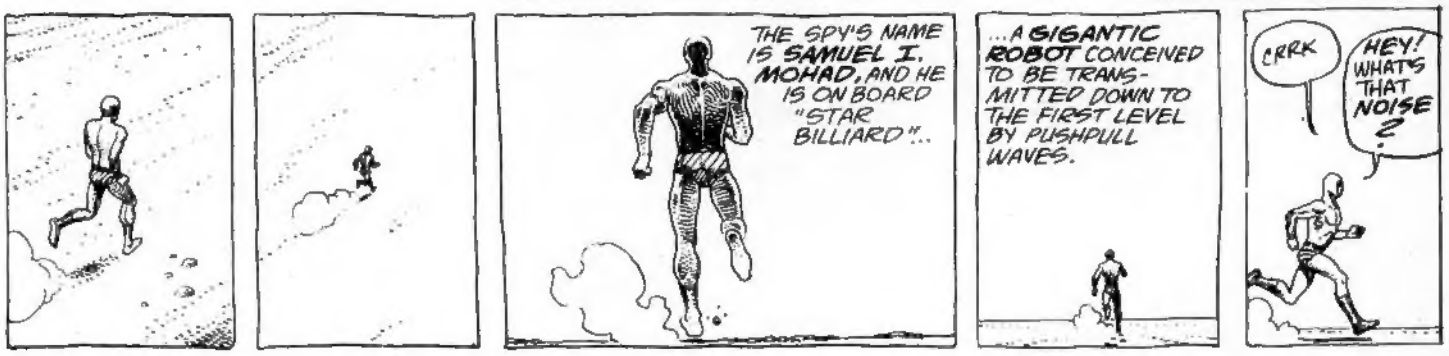
EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Submissions Editor, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

The Airtight Garage of Jerry C.

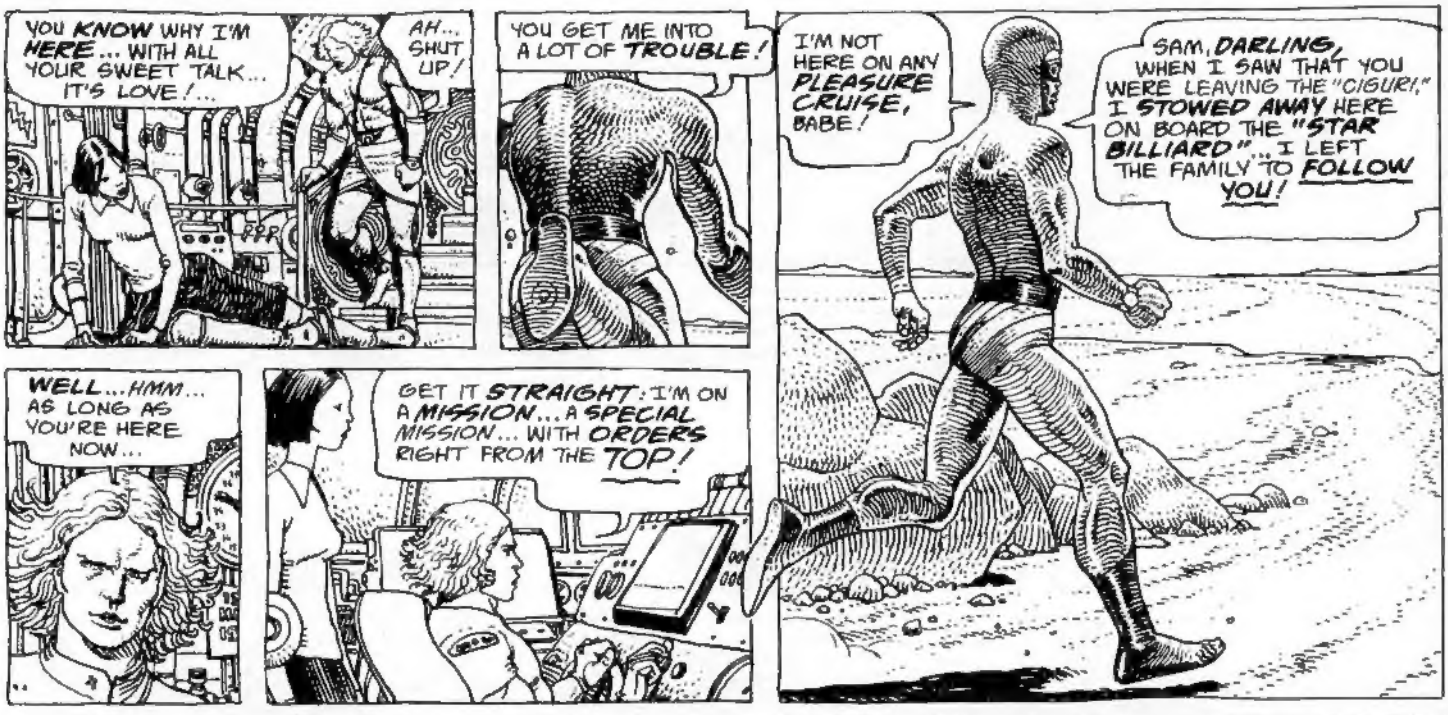
by MOEBIUS

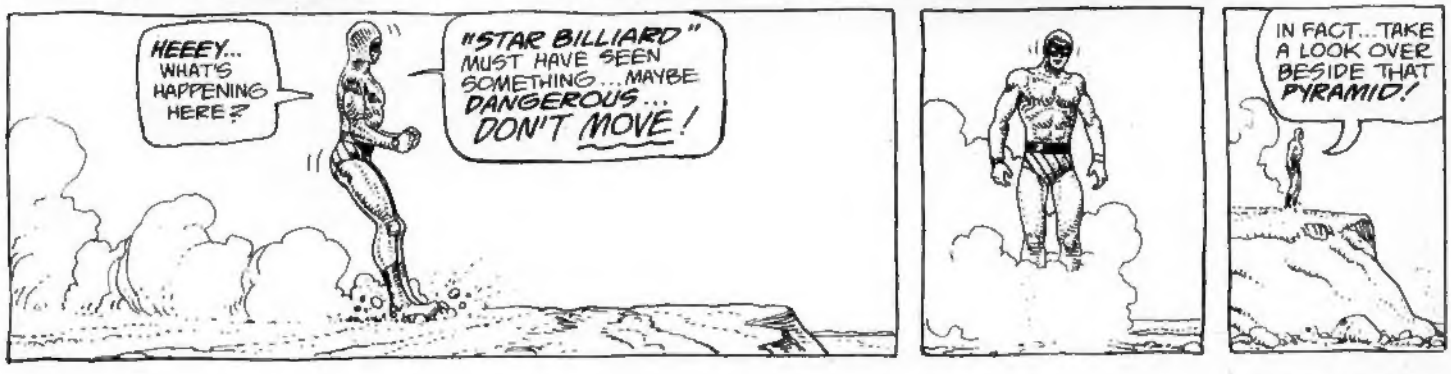
THE THIRD TRICK: **STAR BILLIARD**

SUMMARY: MAJOR GRUBERT HAS DECIDED TO SEND A SPY DOWN TO HIS FORMER HAUNTS.


THE SPY'S NAME IS SAMUEL I. MOHAD, AND HE IS ON BOARD "STAR BILLIARD"..
...A GIGANTIC ROBOT CONCEIVED TO BE TRANSMITTED DOWN TO THE FIRST LEVEL BY PUSHPULL WAVES.
CRRK
HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

WAIT... THERE'S SOMEONE HIDING IN THE ARMORY...
COME ON OUT OR I'LL SHOOT!
YOU!
I... I FORBADE YOU TO FOLLOW ME!
SO, YOU DO THE FORBIDDING NOW?
YOU DESERVE TO BE REALLY PUNISHED!
YOU BRUTE, YOU!
AIE
AIIIE!!!...

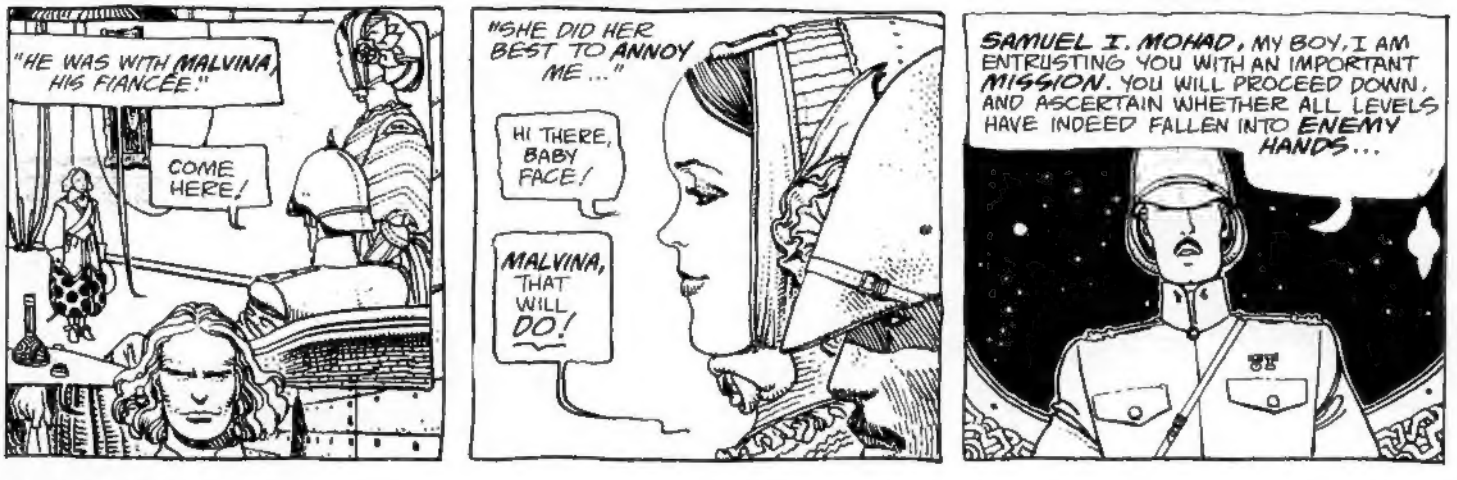

YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE... WITH ALL YOUR SWEET TALK... IT'S LOVE!...
AH... SHUT UP!
YOU GET ME INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE!
I'M NOT HERE ON ANY PLEASURE CRUISE, BABE!
SAM, DARLING, WHEN I SAW THAT YOU WERE LEAVING THE "CIGUR!," I STOWED AWAY HERE ON BOARD THE "STAR BILLIARD"... I LEFT THE FAMILY TO FOLLOW YOU!
WELL... HMM... AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE NOW...
GET IT STRAIGHT: I'M ON A MISSION... A SPECIAL MISSION... WITH ORDERS RIGHT FROM THE TOP!

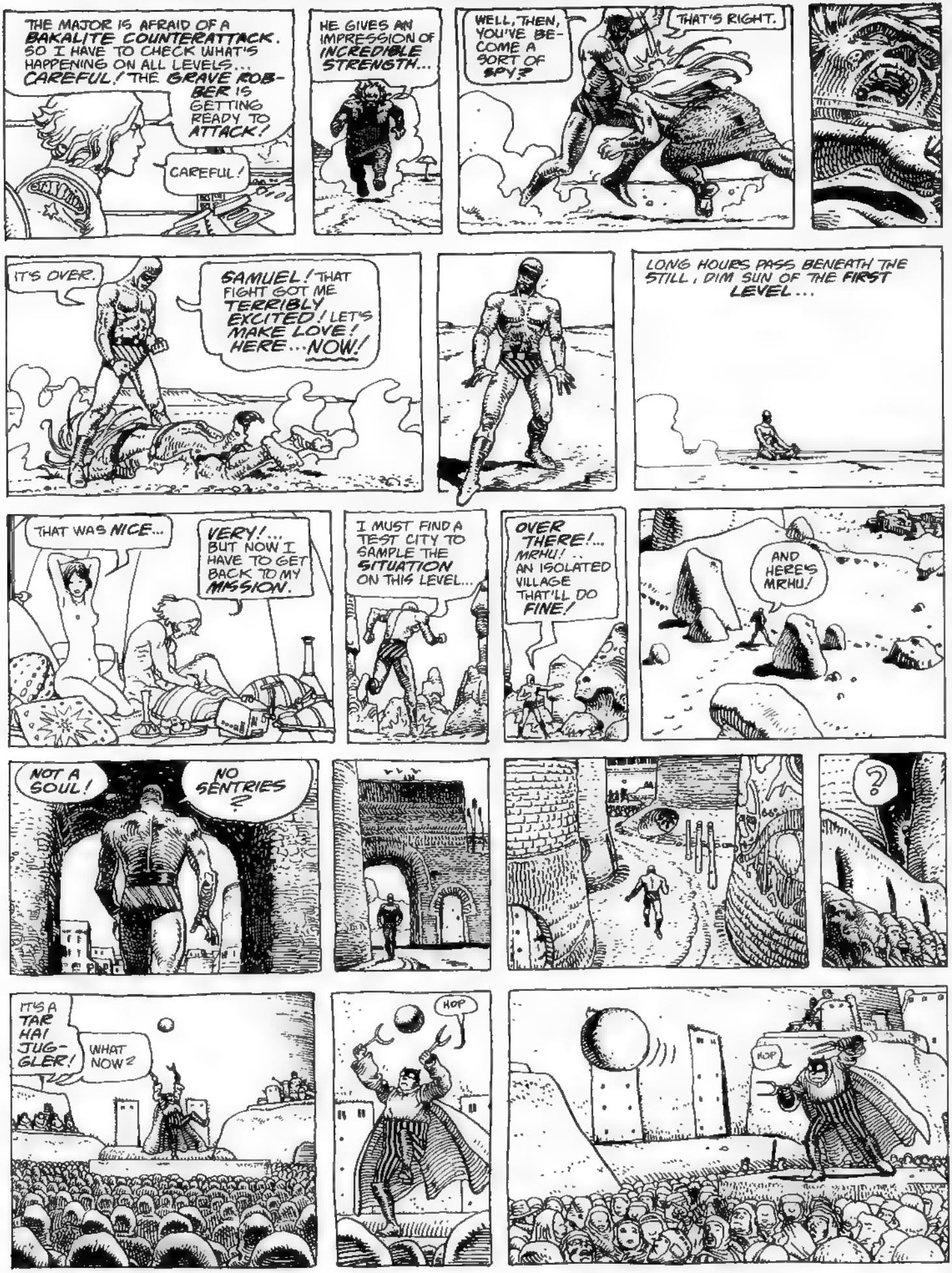

HEEEY... WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
"STAR BILLIARD" MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING... MAYBE DANGEROUS... DON'T MOVE!
IN FACT... TAKE A LOOK OVER BESIDE THAT PYRAMID!

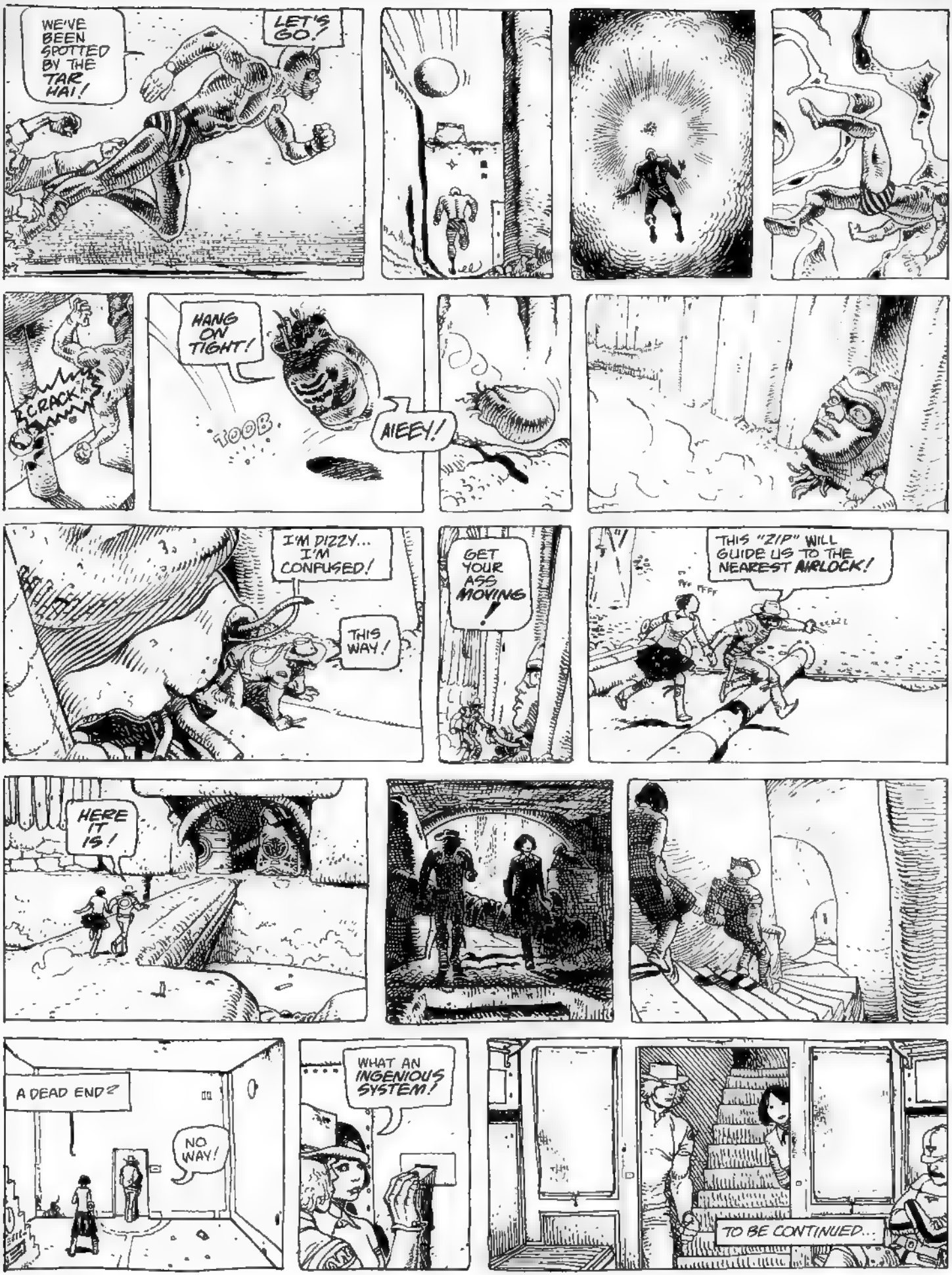
HE'S SO CUTE, WITH HIS LITTLE UMBRELLA!...
I DON'T TRUST IT... IT'S A GRAVE ROBBER!... LOOKS LIKE A BIG GUY... MAYBE JUST A BIT PAUNCHY...

YOU CAN'T SEE MUCH ON THE SCREEN.
COME ON, WE'LL GO UP-STAIRS!
CREEAK
IMPRESSIVE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
WILL HE ATTACK US?
FOR SURE! HE PROBABLY BELIEVES WE'RE AFTER HIS STOCK!

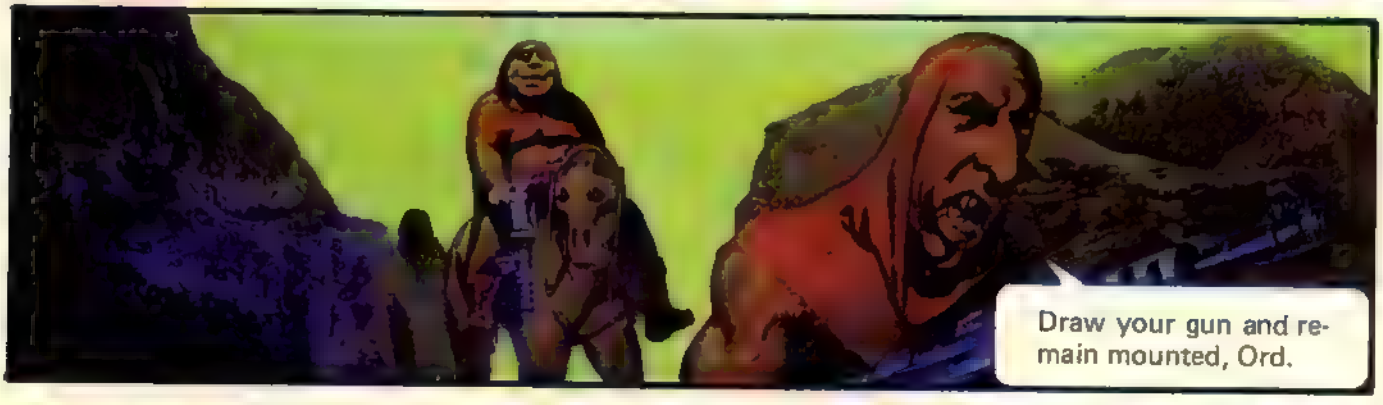
HIS STOCK?
IN FACT, THESE PYRAMIDS ARE TOMBS... THE GRAVES CONTAIN HUNDREDS OF MUMMIFIED CORPSES.
YOU MEAN TO SAY...
I KNOW. IT'S HORRIBLE. BUT REMEMBER, THE MAJOR HAS A TASTE FOR THIS SORT OF DETAIL.
THAT'S TRUE.
LET'S GO.
CLIK
TELL ME, SAMUEL...
EXACTLY WHAT IS THIS "SPECIAL MISSION"?
THE MAJOR CALLED ME IN A FEW HOURS AGO...

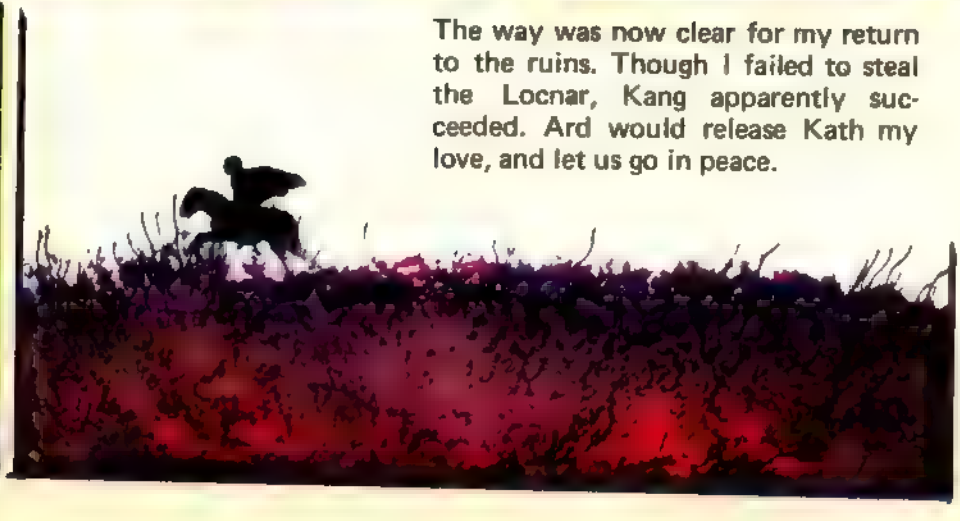

"HE WAS WITH MALVINA, HIS FIANCÉE."
COME HERE!
"SHE DID HER BEST TO ANNOY ME..."
HI THERE, BABY FACE!
MALVINA, THAT WILL DO!
SAMUEL I. MOHAD, MY BOY, I AM ENTRUSTING YOU WITH AN IMPORTANT MISSION. YOU WILL PROCEED DOWN, AND ASCERTAIN WHETHER ALL LEVELS HAVE INDEED FALLEN INTO ENEMY HANDS...


THE MAJOR IS AFRAID OF A BAKALITE COUNTERATTACK. SO I HAVE TO CHECK WHAT'S HAPPENING ON ALL LEVELS... CAREFUL! THE GRAVE ROBBER IS GETTING READY TO ATTACK!
CAREFUL!
HE GIVES AN IMPRESSION OF INCREDIBLE STRENGTH...
WELL, THEN, YOU'VE BECOME A SORT OF SPY?
THAT'S RIGHT.
IT'S OVER.
SAMUEL! THAT FIGHT GOT ME TERRIBLY EXCITED! LET'S MAKE LOVE! HERE... NOW!
LONG HOURS PASS BENEATH THE STILL, DIM SUN OF THE FIRST LEVEL...
THAT WAS NICE...
VERY!... BUT NOW I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY MISSION.
I MUST FIND A TEST CITY TO SAMPLE THE SITUATION ON THIS LEVEL...
OVER THERE!... MRHU!... AN ISOLATED VILLAGE THAT'LL DO FINE!
AND HERE'S MRHU!
NOT A SOUL!
NO SENTRIES?
?
IT'S A TAR HAI JUGGLER!
WHAT NOW?
HOP
HOP


WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED BY THE TAR HAI!
LET'S GO!
HANG ON TIGHT!
TOOB
AIEEY!
SCRACK
I'M DIZZY... I'M CONFUSED!
THIS WAY!
GET YOUR ASS MOVING!
THIS "ZIP" WILL GUIDE US TO THE NEAREST AIRLOCK!
HERE IT IS!
A DEAD END?
NO WAY!
WHAT AN INGENIOUS SYSTEM!
TO BE CONTINUED...

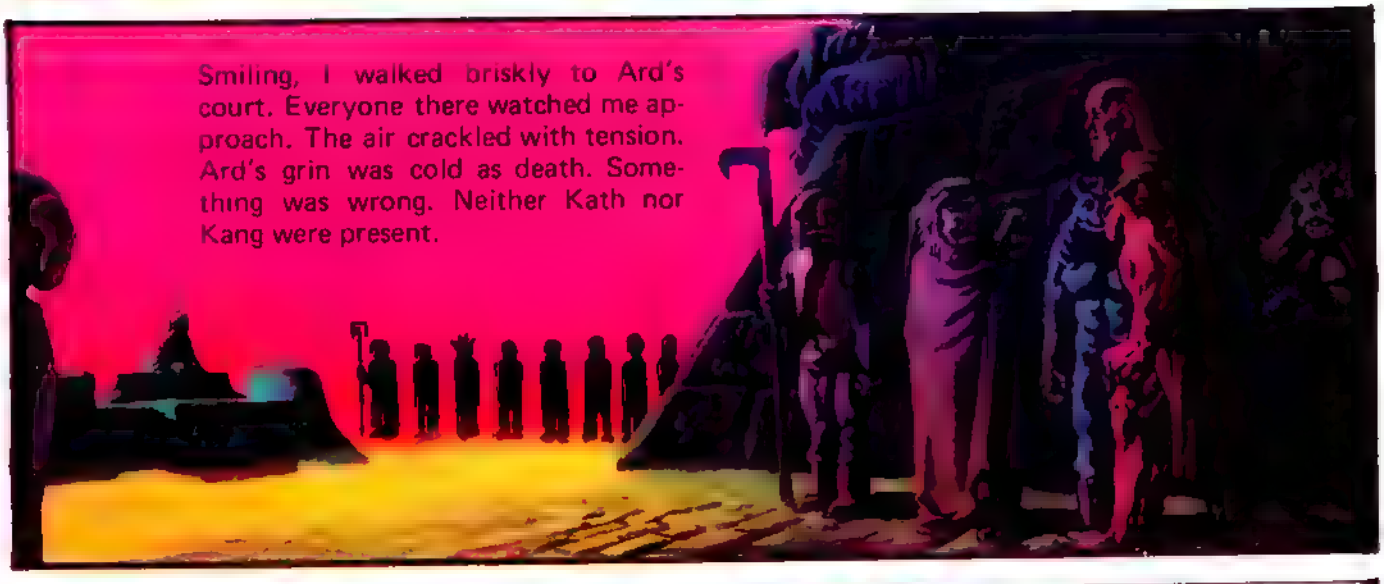
DEN
Dorx, did you find anything?
No, he must have drowned. I guess the sewer scavangers will take care of his carcass.
Nevertheless, you and Ord will remain and search for Den's body. The Queen demands proof of flesh.
Damn! I thought today I could sleep.
Yes sir.
Look! Is that something?



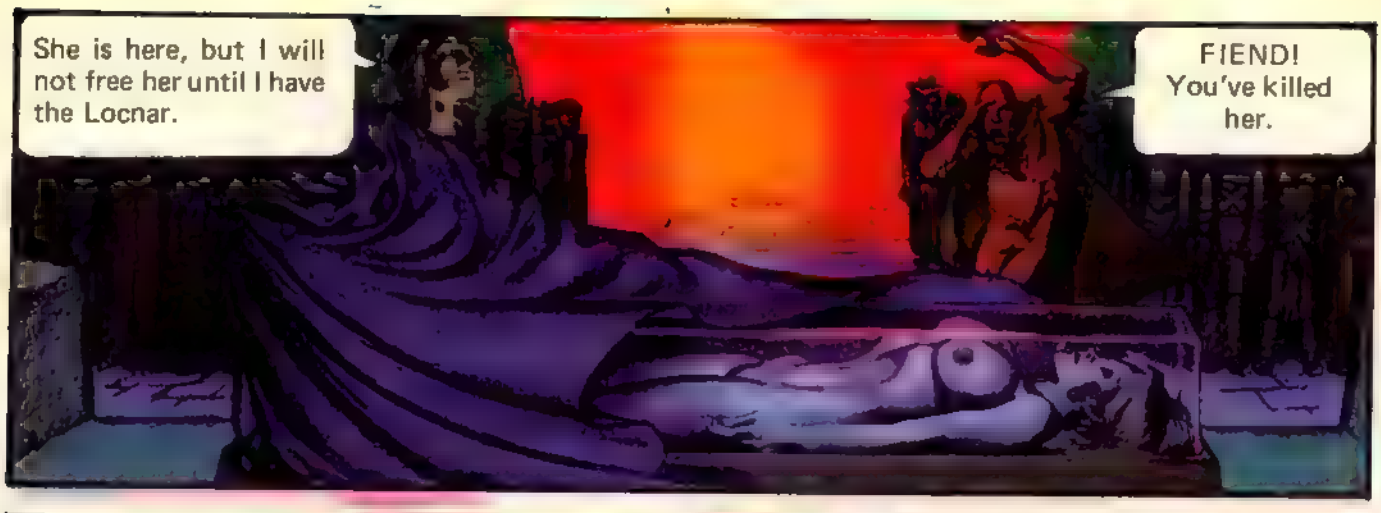


The way was now clear for my return to the ruins. Though I failed to steal the Locnar, Kang apparently succeeded. Ard would release Kath my love, and let us go in peace.

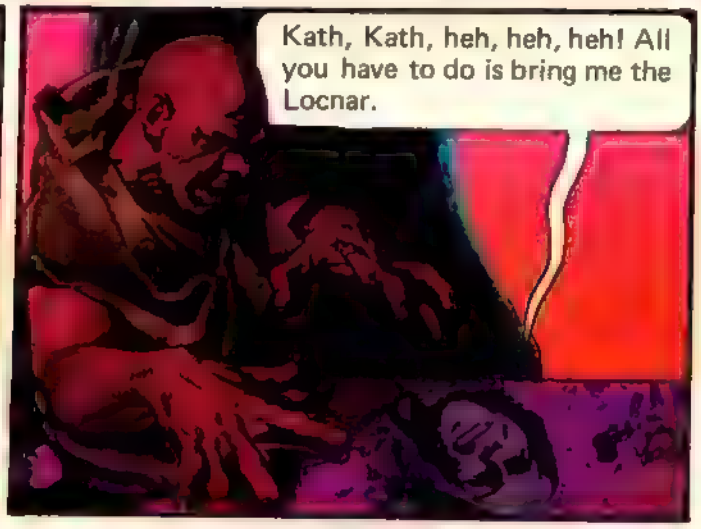
My new mount carried me quickly to my goal. We would soon be free. I was very happy.


Smiling, I walked briskly to Ard's court. Everyone there watched me approach. The air crackled with tension. Ard's grin was cold as death. Something was wrong. Neither Kath nor Kang were present.

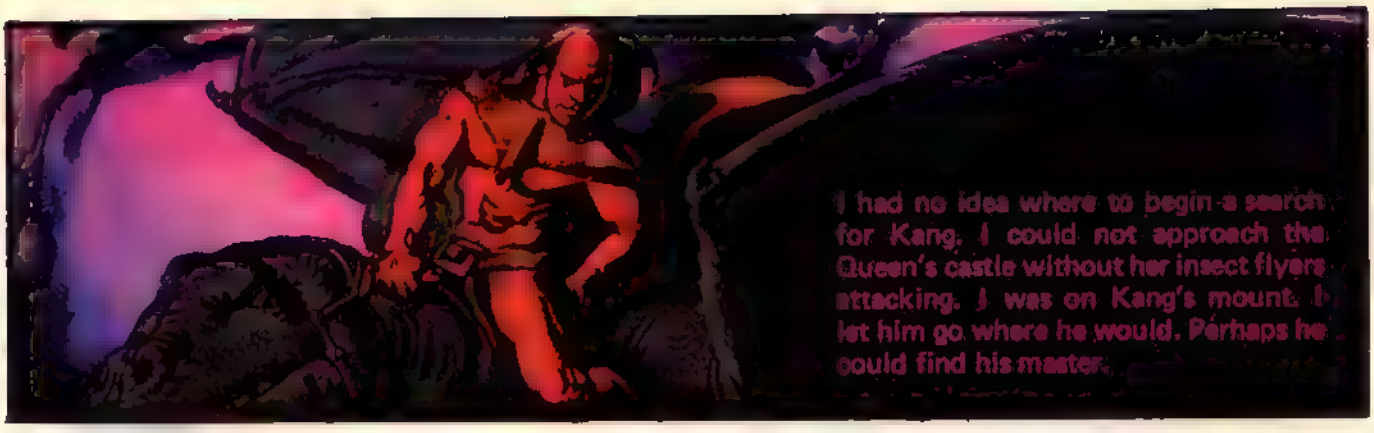
Where is the Locnar, Den? Give it to me.
Kang has it. Isn't he here?. . . He must have been delayed. He will be here shortly, with the Locnar. Won't you free Kath now?
No Den. You agreed to bring me the Locnar. It seemed to be a simple enough task for a great adventurer like you. You signed an agreement. I expect you to live up to it.
NO, NO! Kang has the Locnar. He said he would bring it back here. You must free Kath. FREE KATH NOW! I DEMAND it! Where is she?


She is here, but I will not free her until I have the Locnar.
FIEND! You've killed her.

She merely sleeps. But only I can awaken her.
KATH! . . .KATH!

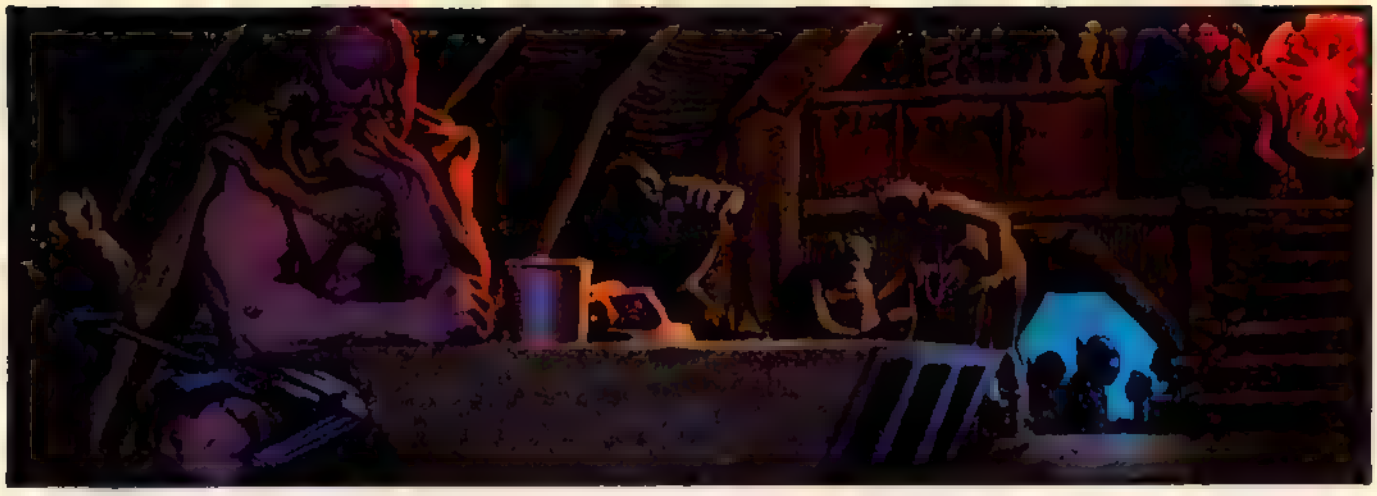

Kath, Kath, heh, heh, heh! All you have to do is bring me the Locnar.

. . .Oh, and one other thing Den, . . .Kang's head.

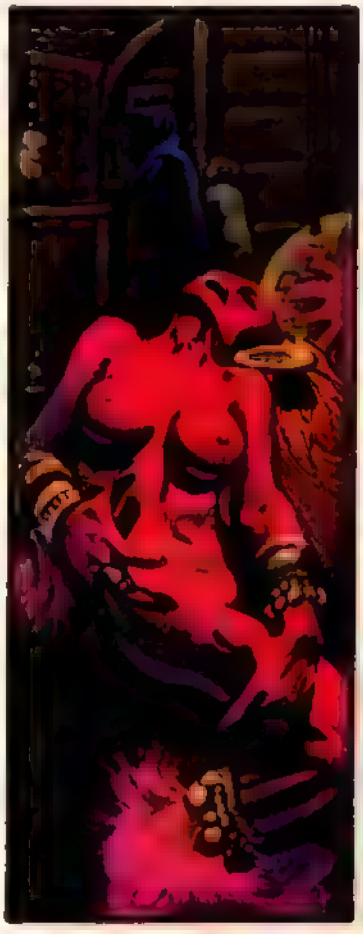

I had no idea where to begin a search for Kang. I could not approach the Queen's castle without her insect flyers attacking. I was on Kang's mount. I let him go where he would. Perhaps he could find his master.

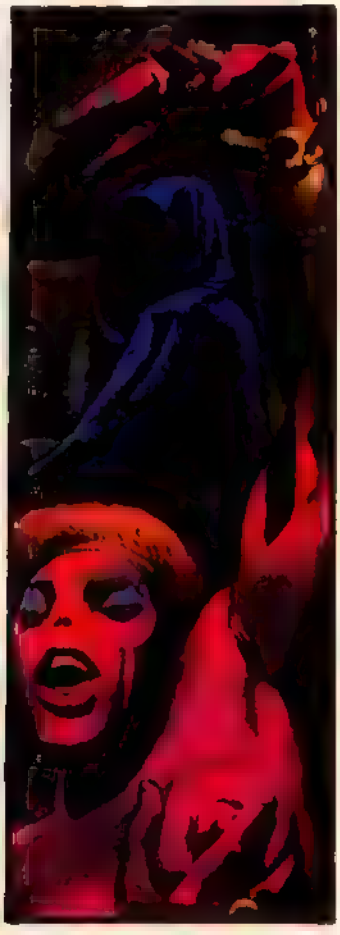
Days passed while I searched in vain. Neverwhere is a vast domain and I saw no one I could even question.

I proceeded to what appeared to be an inn where I traded some small game for a meal and a place to sleep.



These townspeople were used to wanderers passing through, yet I had the uneasy feeling that some had seen me somewhere before. It was constantly frustrating; the Queen, her men, the rebel Gel, now these suspicious oafs, they all knew me, or someone who looked like me. They were all strangers to me. This very world is totally alien to a boy from Kansas.





I absently dreamed of my other home, staring blankly at the native dancer. I ignored a hooded figure watching me intently.

The dancer did some spectacular movements and then without warning, threw herself upon me. I didn't know what to do. Maybe it was part of the dance.

I finished my drink. . .

She finished her dance. . .

and things started to get fuzzy.

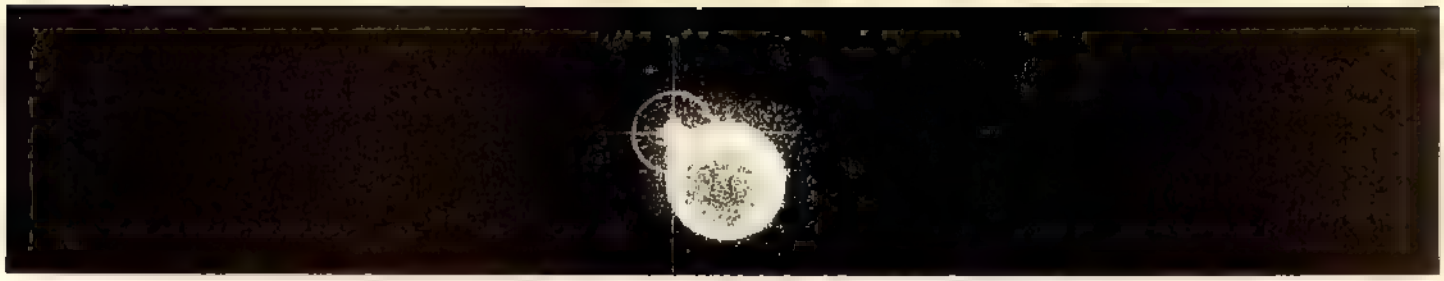
I lost consciousness for a while, then in a dream I saw my uncle Dan from my other life. Something was happening to him. His appearance changed as he traveled into another Universe.

He fought Gel. . .

saved the Queen. . .

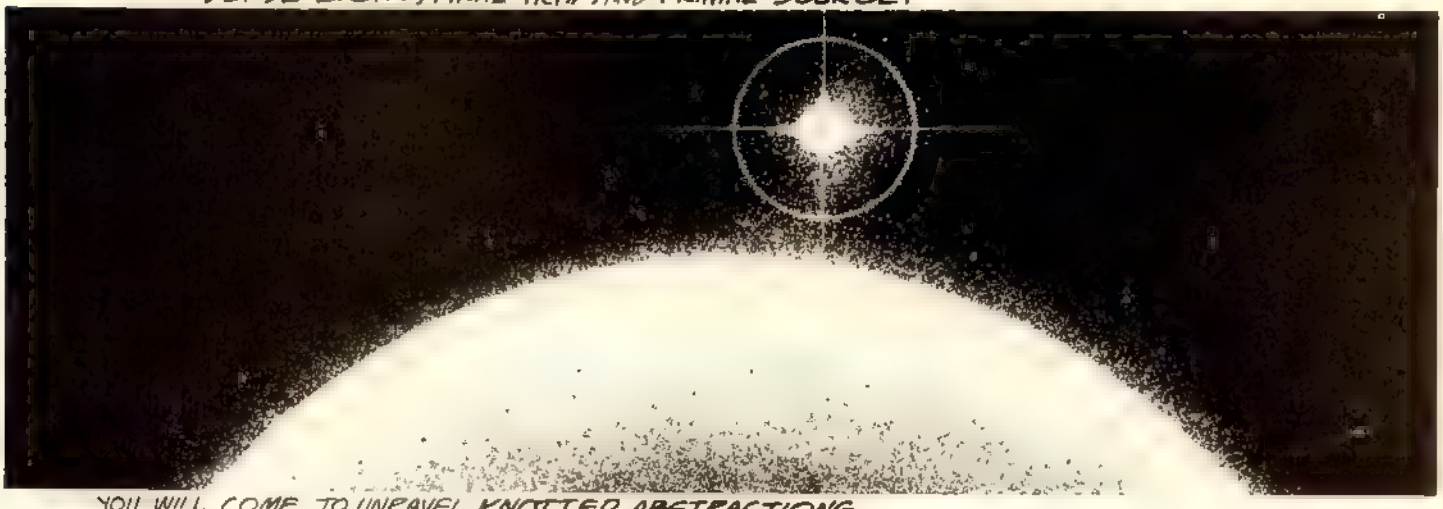
made [illegible] her. . .

and was killed.



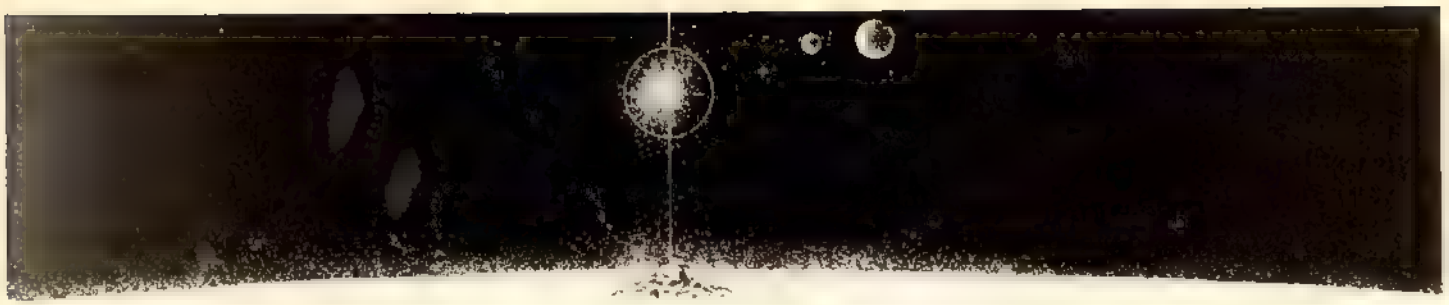
BEHOLD YOUR **VEINSTONE**, THE **OOZE** OF **GENESIS**.

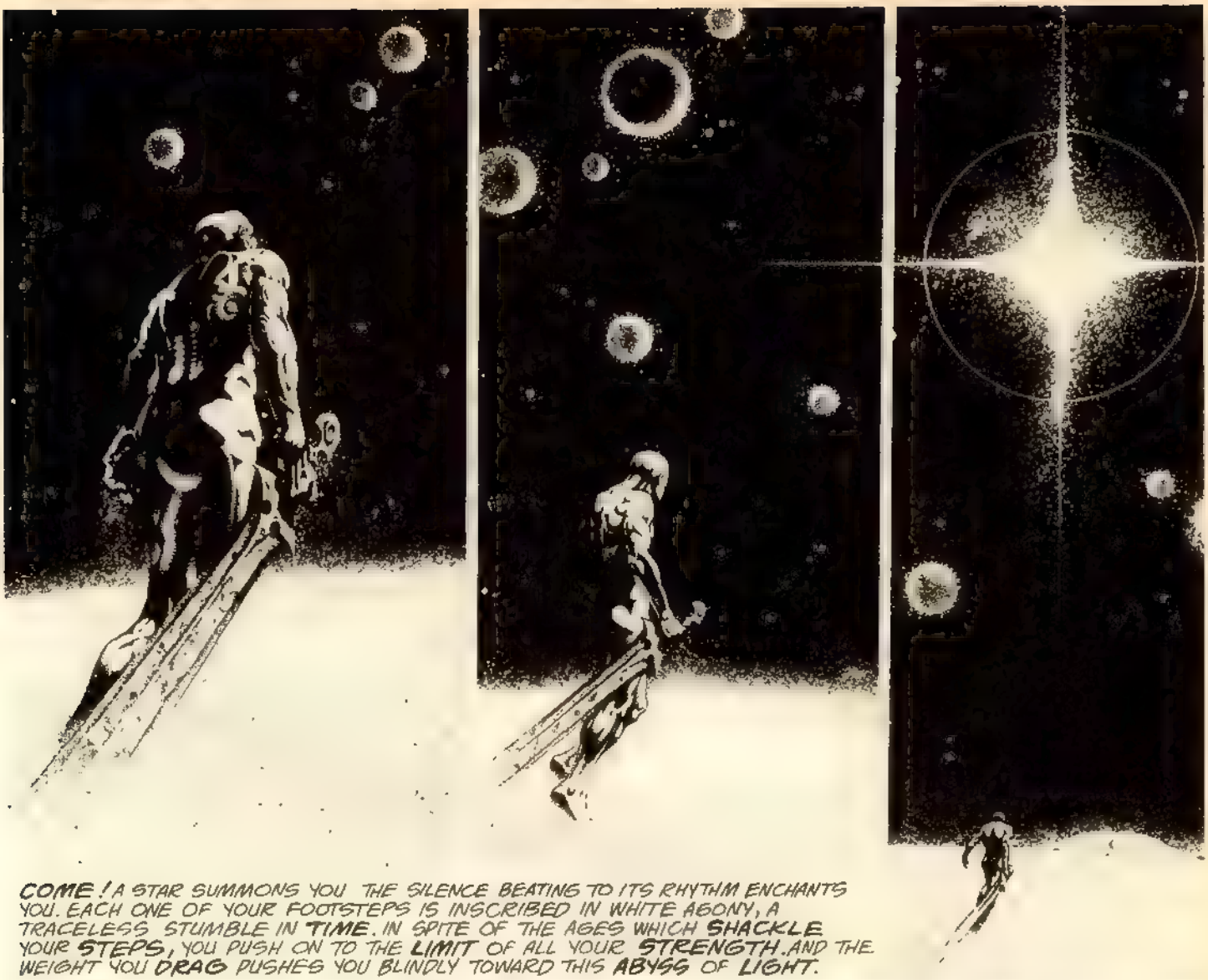
BEHOLD THE PLACE FROM WHICH YOU WILL COME **DEATH STAR**, **DENSE LIGHT**, **FINAL TRAP**, AND **PRIMAL SOURCE**.



YOU WILL COME TO UNRAVEL **KNOTTED ABSTRACTIONS**, **FORMS**, AND **DESTINIES**. TO FULFILL **STELLAR LONGINGS**. YOU WILL COME.

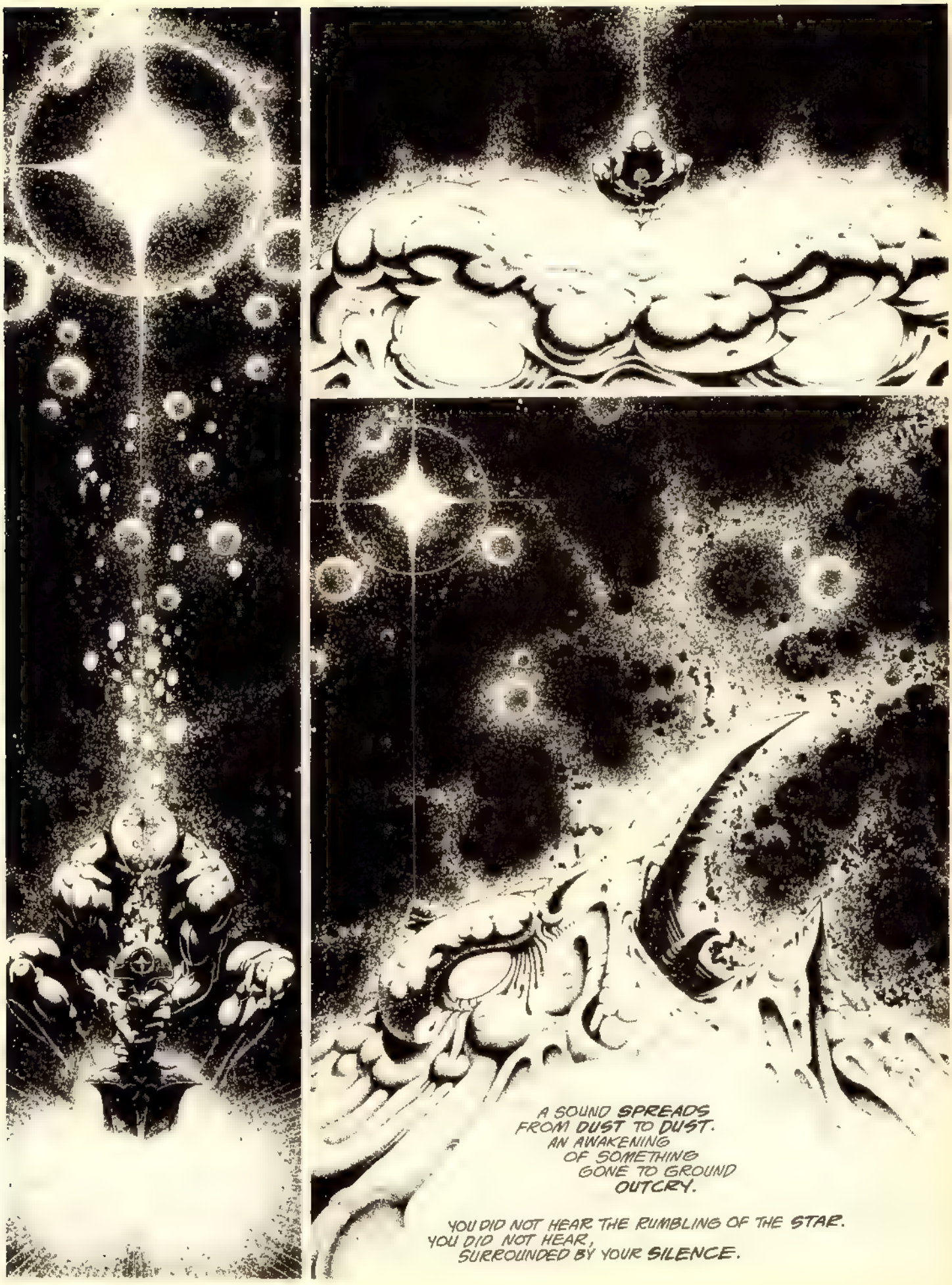
BIRD OF DUST





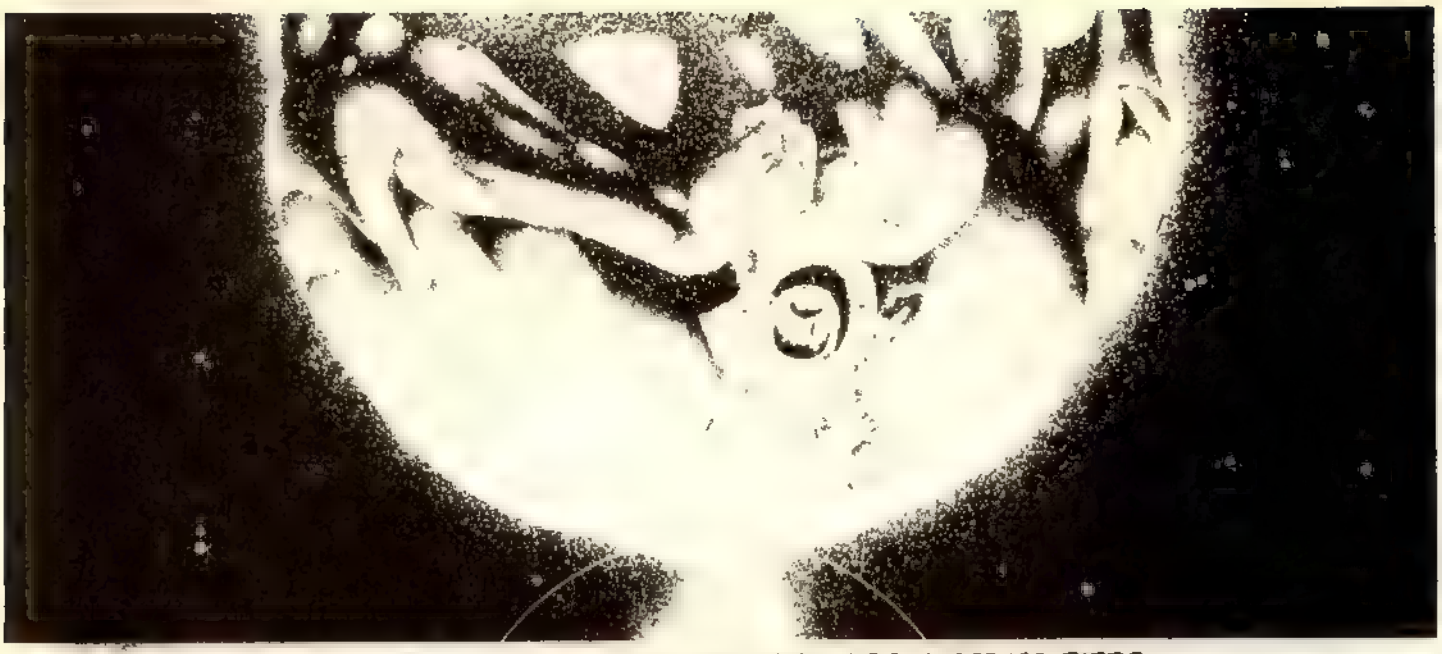
COME! A STAR SUMMONS YOU. THE SILENCE BEATING TO ITS RHYTHM ENCHANTS YOU. EACH ONE OF YOUR FOOTSTEPS IS INSCRIBED IN WHITE AGONY, A TRACELESS STUMBLE IN **TIME**. IN SPITE OF THE AGES WHICH **SHACKLE** YOUR **STEPS**, YOU PUSH ON TO THE **LIMIT** OF ALL YOUR **STRENGTH**. AND THE WEIGHT YOU **DRAG** PUSHES YOU BLINDLY TOWARD THIS **ABYSS** OF **LIGHT**.

HERE AT LAST, THE END BEGINS.


A SOUND SPREADS
FROM DUST TO DUST.
AN AWAKENING
OF SOMETHING
GONE TO GROUND
OUTCRY.
YOU DID NOT HEAR THE RUMBLING OF THE STAR.
YOU DID NOT HEAR,
SURROUNDED BY YOUR SILENCE.

...YOU HEARD NOTHING. THE RITUAL PERFORMED AND DISPOSSESSED AT LAST, YOU ARE ENLIGHTENMENT.
YOU HAVE OPENED THE ABYSS...

...THE ABYSS IS CLOSED AGAIN.



YOU CAME TO DECIPHER LUSTERLESS **MIRACLES**, ABSTRUSE **RITES**, TO PENETRATE **TIME**. YOU CAME TO GRATIFY **STELLAR LONGINGS**...

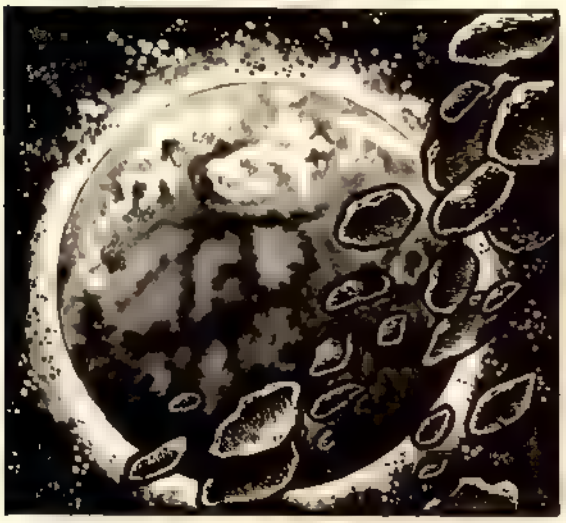
BEHOLD THE **PLACE** FROM WHICH YOU CAME, **LIVING STAR**, **BURNING TRAP**, **IMMINENCE**...

BEHOLD THE PLACE FROM WHICH YOU ARE **YET** TO COME.

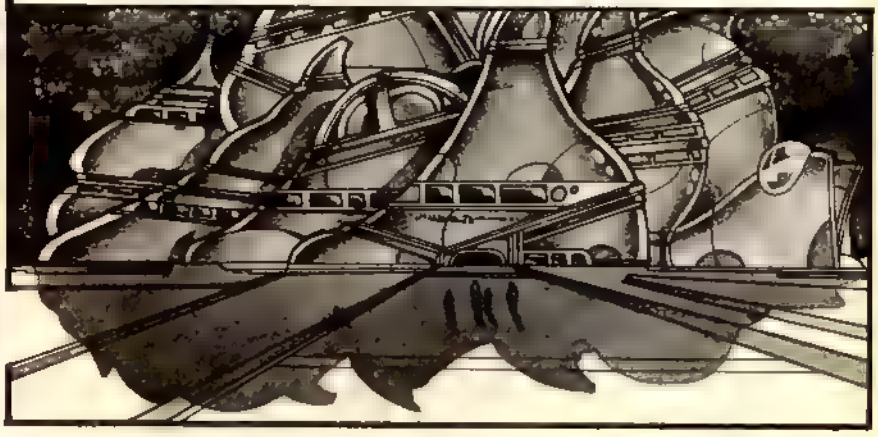
A VISIT TO JIVASKILLA TECHNEXPO

BY P. LEGUEUR

THIS IS **JIVASKILLA**, SECOND PLANET IN THE **GALACTIC UNIVERSAL CHAIN**...



. CHOSEN AS THE SITE FOR THE GREAT **TECHNEXPO**. THE **GALACTIC UNIVERSE** IS CERTAINLY WELL REPRESENTED HERE, AS **EIGHTEEN PLANETS** ARE EXHIBITING THEIR **LATEST INVENTIONS**. (THE GRAND SHOWROOM WAS ESPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE EVENT, ACCORDING TO THE DESIGNS OF THE ARCHITECT **VUOMMI**.)



OUTSIDE TECHNEXPO, SEVERAL **HUNDRED** WOMEN DEMONSTRATED BRIEFLY. OF COURSE, THEIR **ENTRY** IS ENTIRELY **FORBIDDEN**, UNLESS THEY ARE ACCOMPANYING ROYAL VISITORS

THE OFFICIAL OPENING WAS SCHEDULED TO COINCIDE WITH **PRESIDENT-GOVERNOR BLOKINE'S** VISIT...

IN HIS SPEECH, HE WELCOMED THE REPRESENTATIVES OF **EVERY PLANET**--FOREIGN ENGINEERS ALL--LAYING PARTICULAR STRESS ON THE **BARGAINING POWER** OF THE **ENGINEERS GUILD**, AND ON THE **NECESSITY** FOR CERTAIN FIRMS IN THE GALACTIC UNIVERSE TO REORGANIZE THEMSELVES.

PRESIDENT-GOVERNOR BLOKINE THEN PROCEEDED TO STAND Nº 8A, WHERE THE ITEM CONSIDERED TO BE THE **CHIEF ATTRACTION** IS ON EXHIBIT. THE GOVERNMENT OF **JIVASKILLA** HAS BUILT--THROUGH THE FIRM OF **OBER-KASTELL**--TWO TERRIFIC **"HEAVIES,"** WHICH WILL ADORN THE **PRESIDENTIAL FLEET** IN THE **FUTURE**.

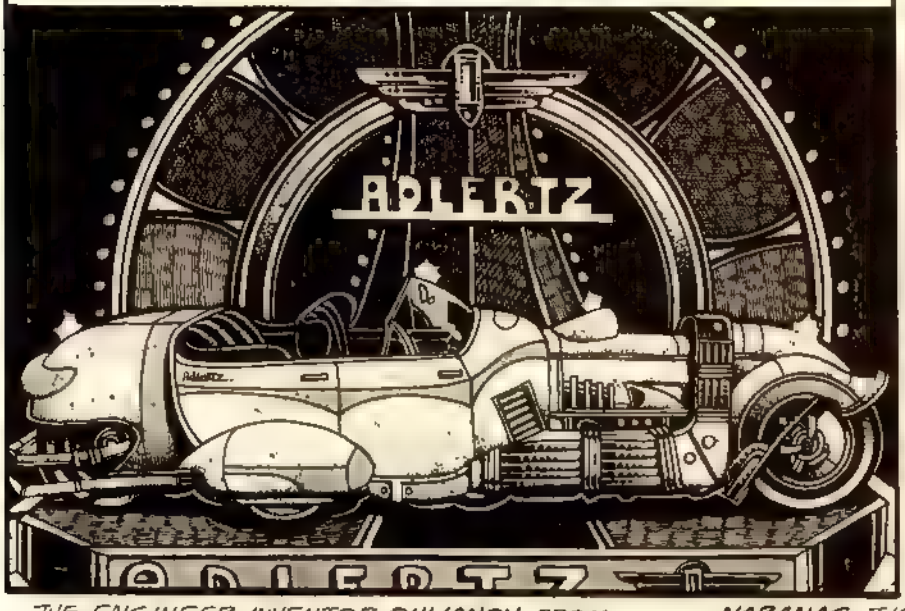
CONCEIVED ESPECIALLY FOR **PARADES** AND OTHER **DIPLOMATIC EVENTS**, THEY ARE EQUIPPED WITH TWO POWERFUL **BULTACOSA MOTORS** COUPLED WITH AN **ELECTRIC TRANSIX VARIATOR**.

THE **PRICE** WAS NOT REVEALED, BUT IT MUST BE **PRETTY STEEP**, CONSIDERING THE CAREFUL SELECTION OF **MATERIALS** AND **COMPONENTS** USED.

NOTE: TO THE PRESIDENT'S RIGHT IS **PRUISISCHBLAUW**, MINISTER OF ENGINEERING. TO THE LEFT IS ENGINEER **MUNARII** OF THE FIRM OF OBER-KASTELL.

FAMOUS FOR ITS INVENTIONS, THE SMALL FIRM OF ADLERTZ, WHICH SPECIALIZES IN SPORTS GLIDERS, IS EXHIBITING THIS LARGE AND LUXURIOUS CONVERTIBLE, POWERED WITH IMPORTED LYCOMING COMPRESSORS. LIMITED PRODUCTION 23 MODEL SPECIMENS.

PRICE: 150,000 fs. env.



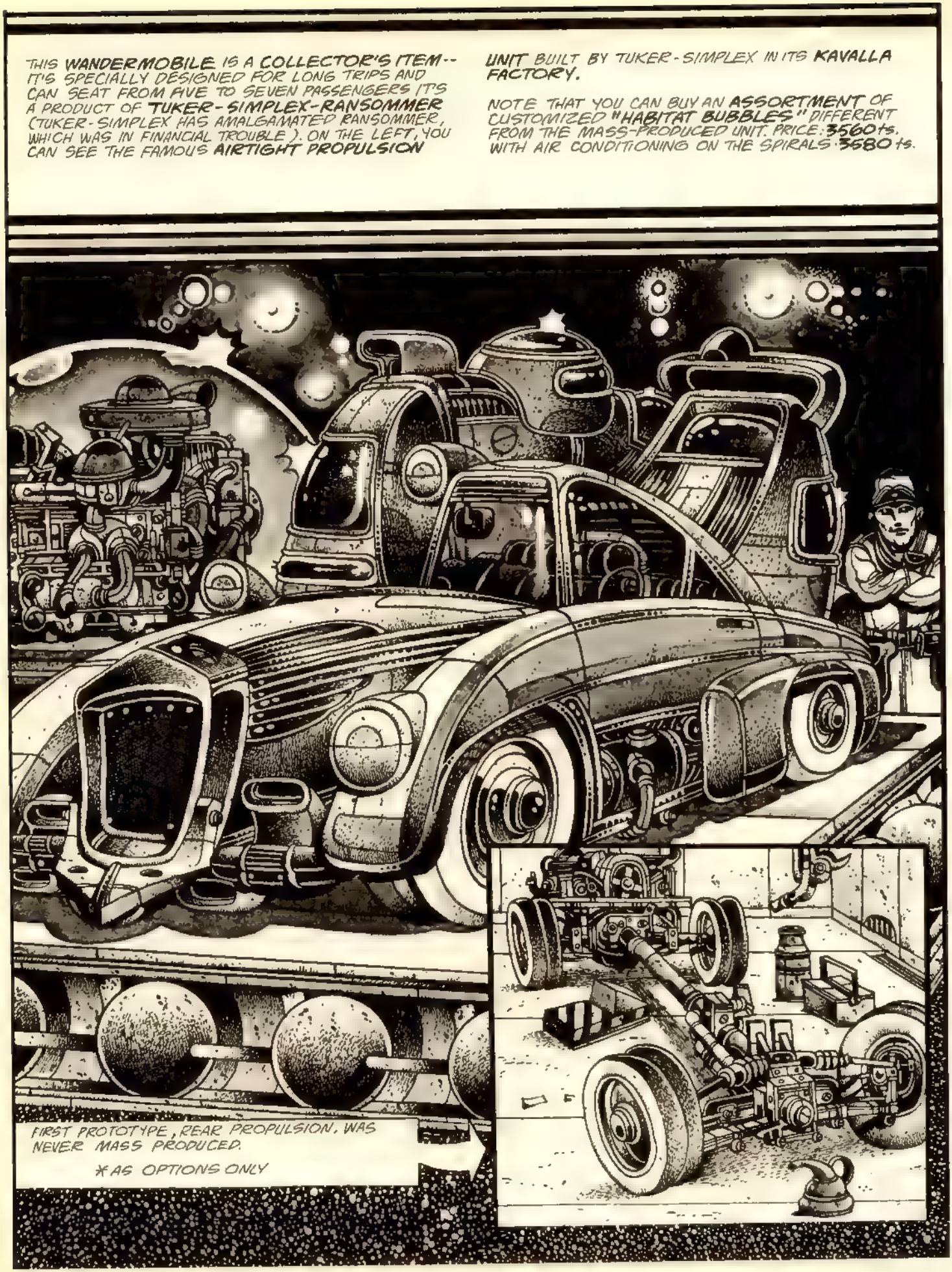
THE MADAWAMPUR KORTBAOUI WAS DELIGHTED WITH THE ADLERTZ CONVERTIBLE, AND ORDERED FIVE MODELS, IN FOUR-TONE PASTEL COLORS, FOR HIS FAVORITE CONCUBINES.

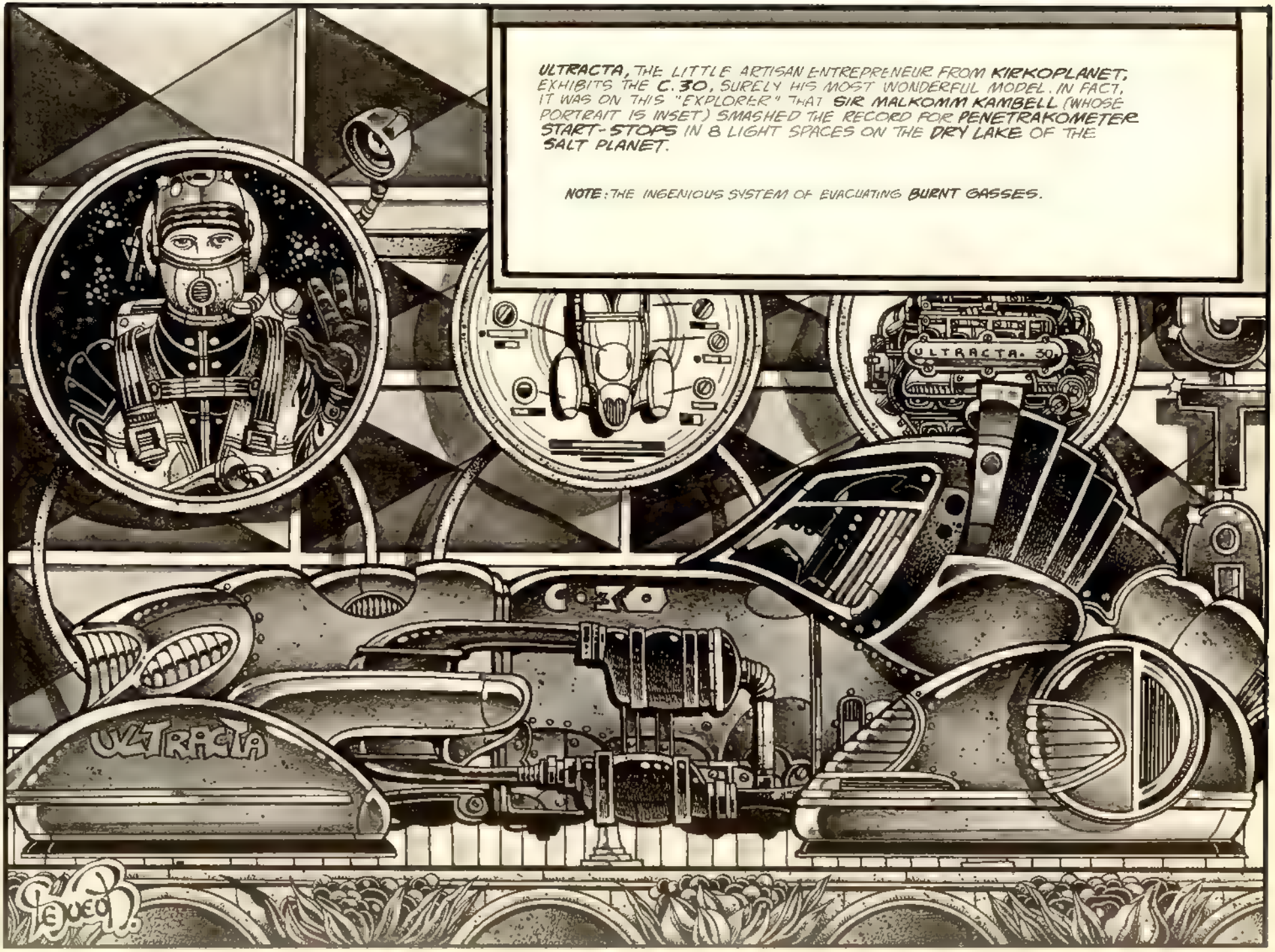
THE ENGINEER-INVENTOR OULIANOV, FROM DONFERGEEL, A PLANET RICH IN NABANAS (A BITTER, JUICY FRUIT) DEMONSTRATED HIS INGENUITY: IF YOU FILL A RESERVOIR WITH NABANAS, THEY WILL ROT AND FORM A GAS, WHICH, WHEN IGNITED, CAN PRODUCE ENOUGH HEAT TO POWER A TRANSVERSAL-ENERGETIC-PROPULSION UNIT.

HERE OULIANOV EXPLAINS HIS INVENTION:

THREE MOBILES EQUIPPED WITH THE "OULIANOV" PROPULSION UNIT.

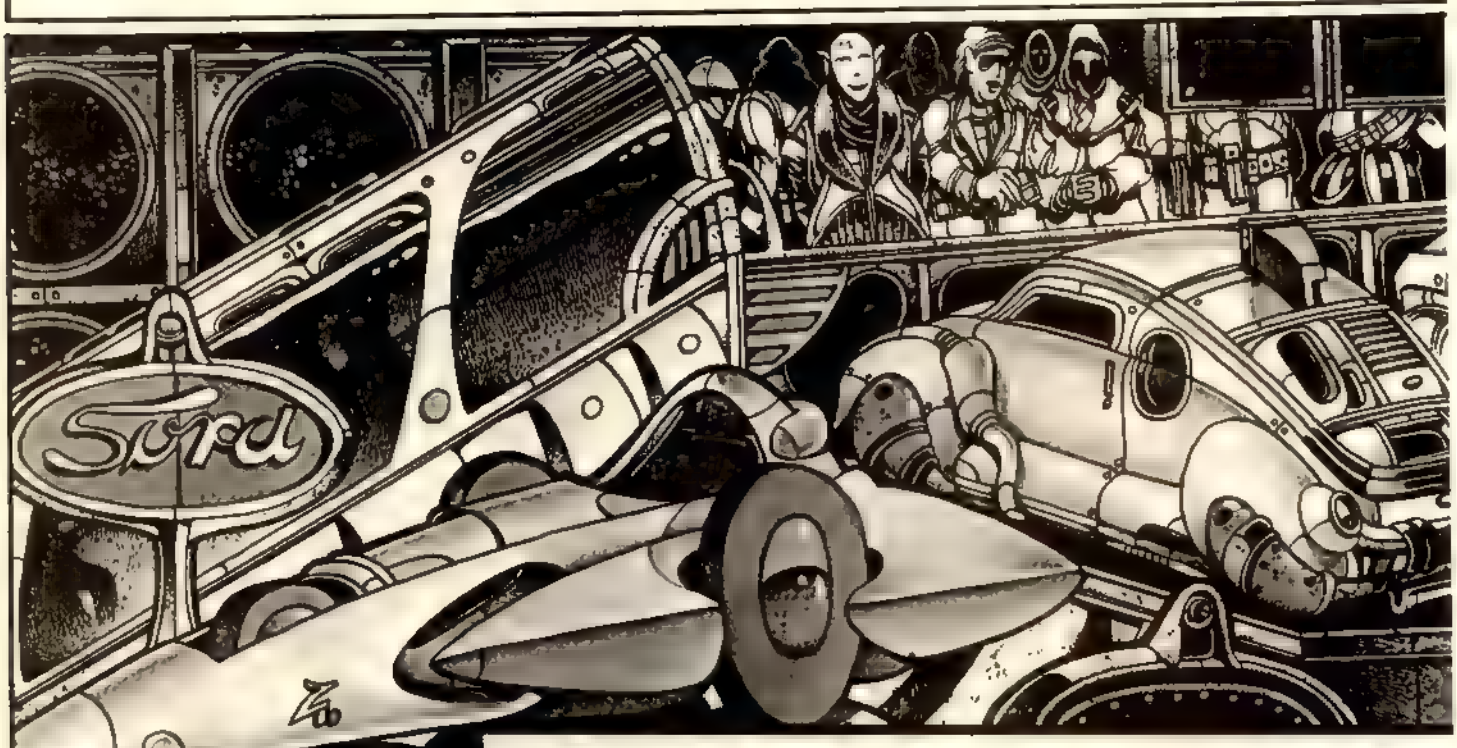
NOTE: THE OULIANOV SYSTEM WAS NOT, IN FACT, A BIG EXPORT ITEM, AS THERE ARE HARDLY ANY NABANAS ON OTHER PLANETS IN THE GALACTIC UNIVERSE


THIS WANDERMOBILE IS A COLLECTOR'S ITEM-- IT'S SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR LONG TRIPS AND CAN SEAT FROM FIVE TO SEVEN PASSENGERS IT'S A PRODUCT OF TUKER-SIMPLEX-RANSOMMER (TUKER-SIMPLEX HAS AMALGAMATED RANSOMMER, WHICH WAS IN FINANCIAL TROUBLE). ON THE LEFT, YOU CAN SEE THE FAMOUS AIRTIGHT PROPULSION UNIT BUILT BY TUKER-SIMPLEX IN ITS KAVALLA FACTORY.
NOTE THAT YOU CAN BUY AN ASSORTMENT OF CUSTOMIZED "HABITAT BUBBLES" DIFFERENT FROM THE MASS-PRODUCED UNIT. PRICE: 3560 ts. WITH AIR CONDITIONING ON THE SPIRALS 3580 ts.
FIRST PROTOTYPE, REAR PROPULSION, WAS NEVER MASS PRODUCED.
* AS OPTIONS ONLY

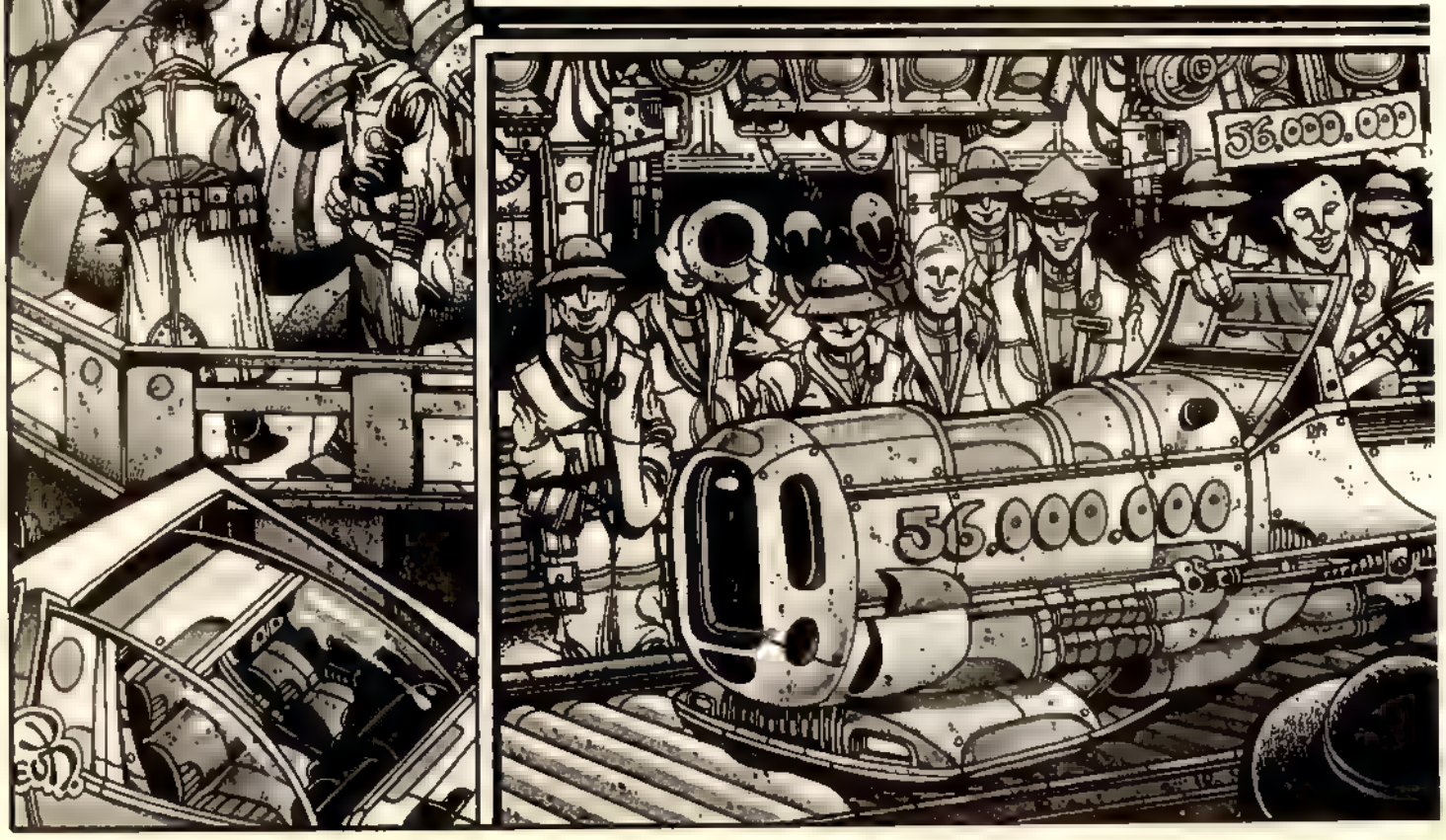

ULTRACTA, THE LITTLE ARTISAN ENTREPRENEUR FROM KIRKOPLANET, EXHIBITS THE C.30, SURELY HIS MOST WONDERFUL MODEL. IN FACT, IT WAS ON THIS "EXPLORER" THAT SIR MALKOMM KAMBELL (WHOSE PORTRAIT IS INSET) SMASHED THE RECORD FOR PENETRAKOMETER START-STOPS IN 8 LIGHT SPACES ON THE DRY LAKE OF THE SALT PLANET.
NOTE: THE INGENIOUS SYSTEM OF EVACUATING BURNT GASSES.
ULTRACTA-30
C.30
ULTRACTA

AND SO WE MUST END OUR ALL-TOO-SHORT VISIT WITH THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE TECHNEXPO SORD, PREMIER MANUFACTURER OF THE GALACTIC UNIVERSE, WITH SEVENTY-SIX FACTORIES AND 784,000 EMPLOYEES, WINNER OF THE **GOLD BOLT** FOR EXPORT TRADE

AS USUAL, THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF INVENTIONS AT SORD **CENTER**: A LOVELY MONO-CONVERTIBLE, A-SERIES PROPELLER, WITH BODY BY **FINLANDIE ZAKINNEN KORROSSON.** **CENTER RIGHT**: VEHICULUS, A MODEL FROM THE PREMIER SERIES, REAR ANIMATION, HARD REFRIGERATION. **BOTTOM LEFT**: THE ENTIRELY NEW "SURVIVAL" HABITATMOBILE

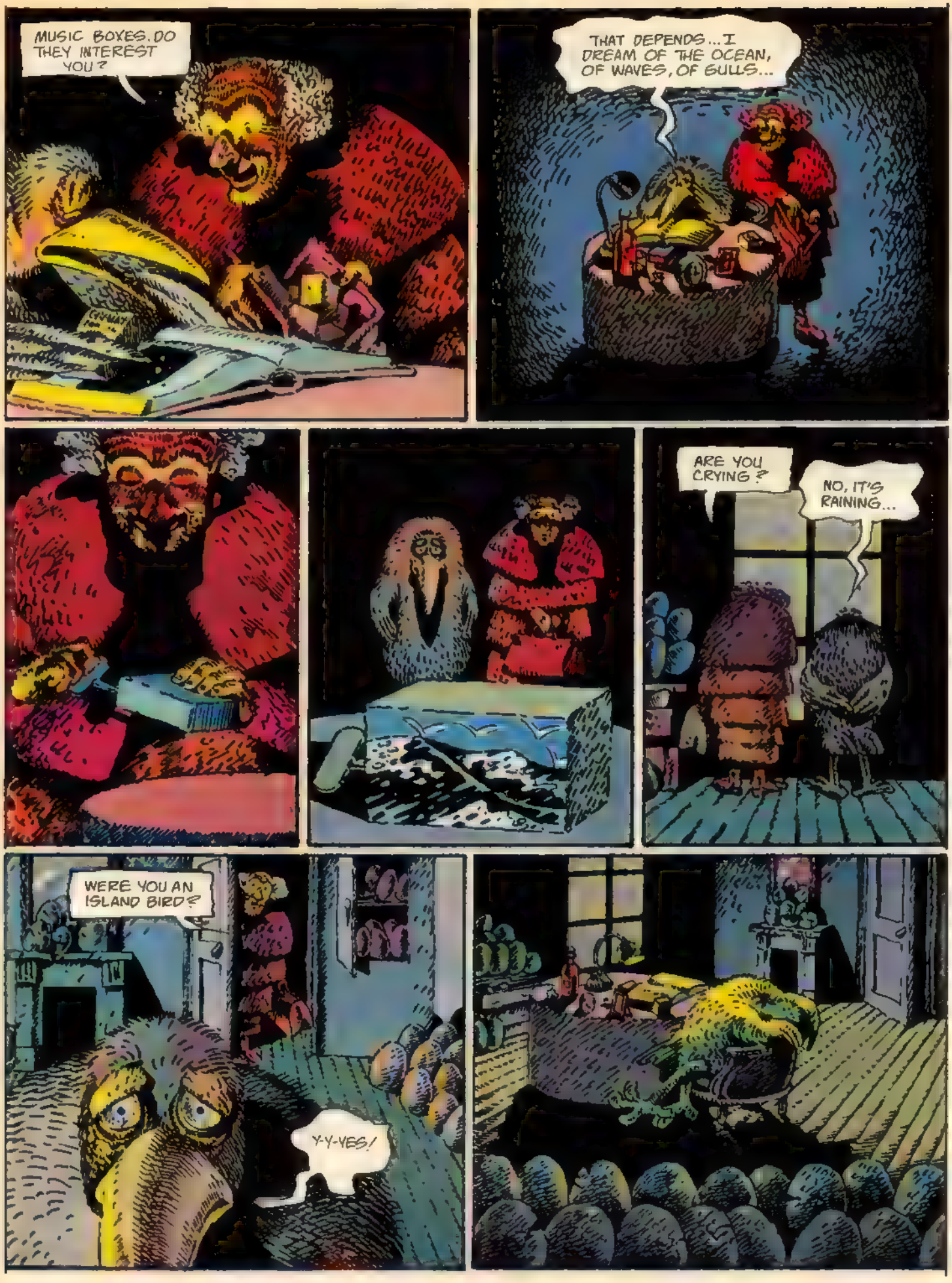


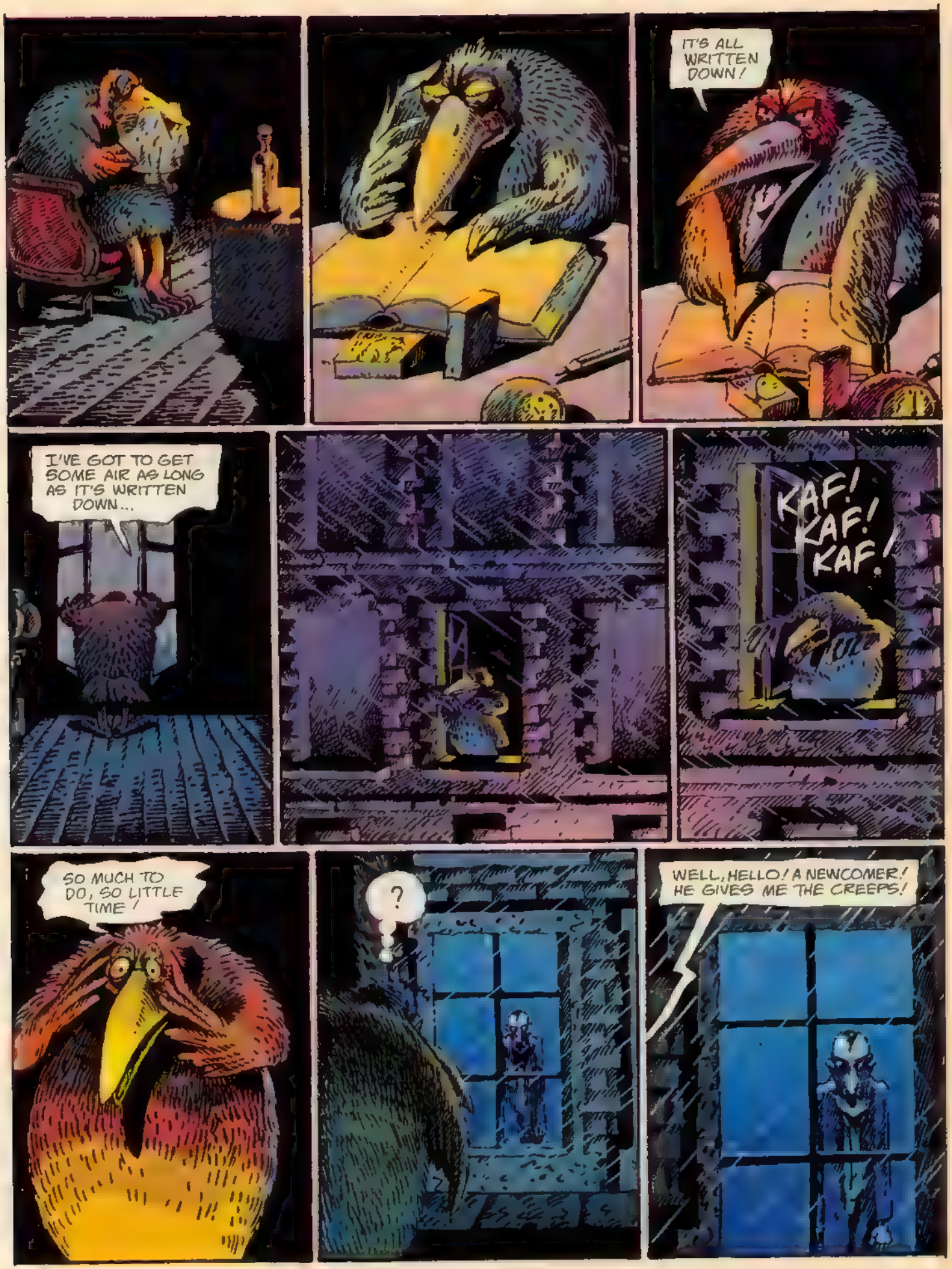
ON APRIL 26, THE 56,000th UNIT LEFT THE ASSEMBLY LINE AT THE DICTROIC FACTORY: IT'S A LONG BODY CONSUMER COUP, DA.30. (FOTO COURTESY SORD MOTOR CO.)



BLUE TERROR

SCRIPT ZHA ART: NICOLE CLAVELOUX


MUSIC BOXES. DO THEY INTEREST YOU?
THAT DEPENDS... I DREAM OF THE OCEAN, OF WAVES, OF GULLS...
ARE YOU CRYING?
NO, IT'S RAINING...
WERE YOU AN ISLAND BIRD?
Y-Y-YES!


IT'S ALL WRITTEN DOWN!
I'VE GOT TO GET SOME AIR AS LONG AS IT'S WRITTEN DOWN...
KAF! KAF! KAF!
SO MUCH TO DO, SO LITTLE TIME!
?
WELL, HELLO! A NEWCOMER! HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

COME ON, NOW, I'LL RISK IT ..
LAIRO

PARDON ME! I'M SCARED OF EVERYTHING.
FORGET IT! YOU WANT TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS?
IS THIS A SURVEY?
YES.
IT'S CLEARING UP MAYBE WE'D BE MORE COMFORTABLE ON THIS BENCH?
HOW'S IT GOING THIS MORNING?
NO!
THEN THIS AFTERNOON, OR TONIGHT?
NO!
ALL RIGHT, WHEN?
NEVER!
I ALWAYS LOVED THE DAWN, AND LATE SUMMER AFTER-NOONS..

WHAT'S THIS SURVEY FOR?
A NEW BRAND OF CANDIES.
YOUR BOOK ANY GOOD?
READABLE.
IT'S NICE HERE!
ANYWAY, YOU CAN GET SOME AIR
NO HARD FEELINGS?
BAH!

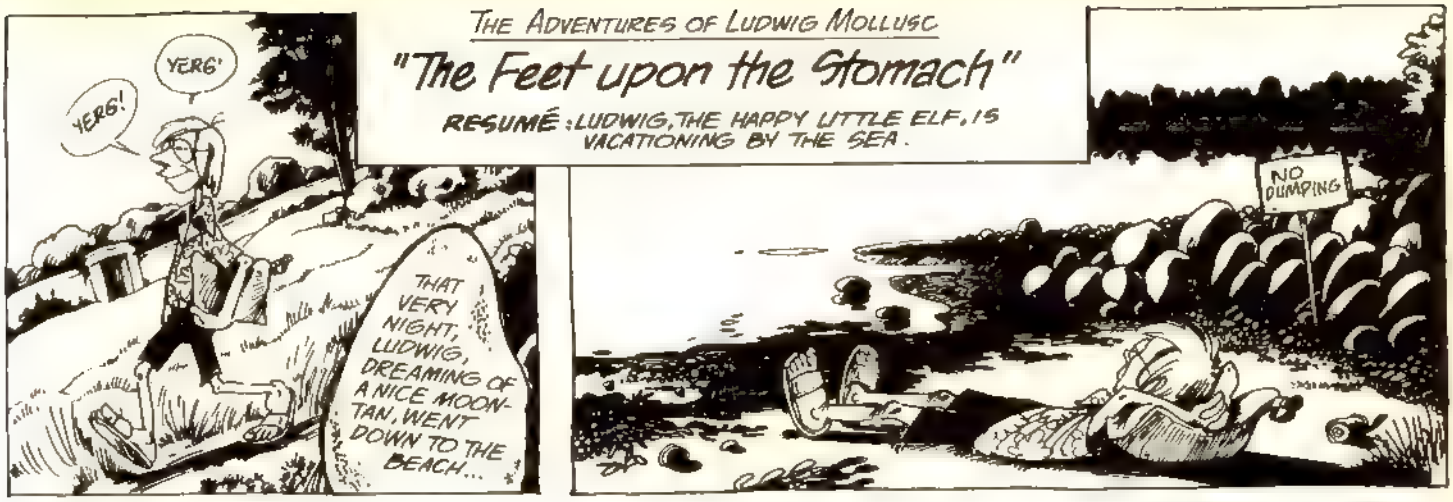
DIATRO
JUST THINK !!
GRAINE

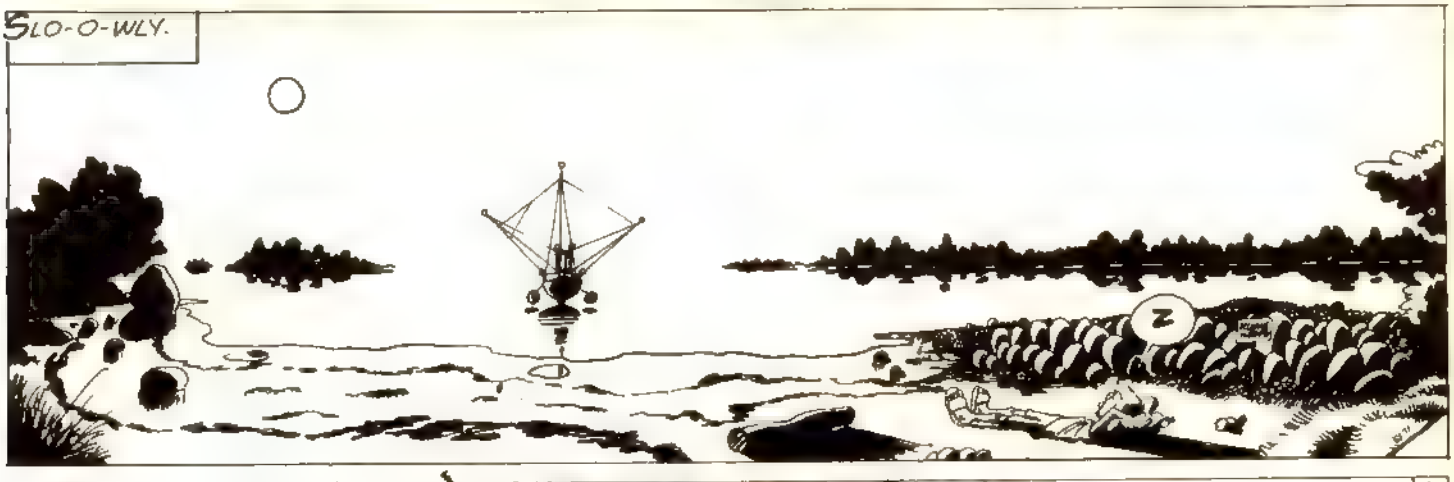
WELL / WHAT HE SAYS HERE ISN'T SO BAD... FAILURE ISN'T NECESSARILY A DISEASE... TRUE ENOUGH...
IT'S NOT ALL THAT BEASTLY... BUT IT'S HARD... OH! I'M SO DEPRESSED! I'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE...
IT'S NOT OVER YET...

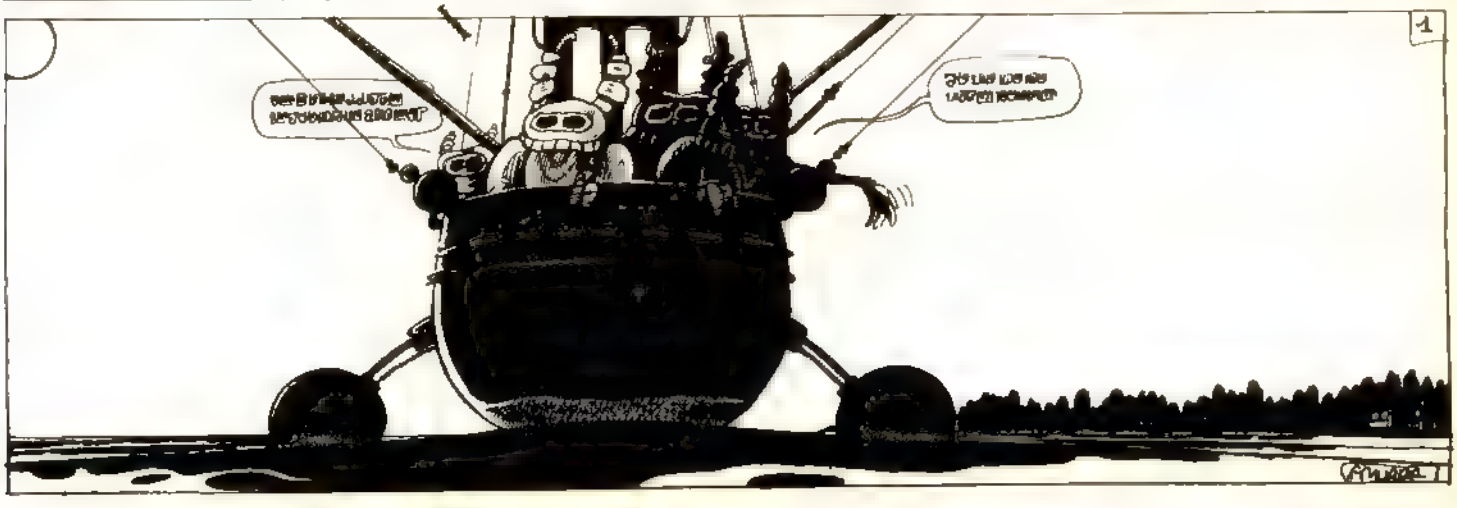
THE ADVENTURES OF LUDWIG MOLLUSC

"The Feet upon the Stomach"

RESUMÉ: LUDWIG, THE HAPPY LITTLE ELF, IS VACATIONING BY THE SEA.





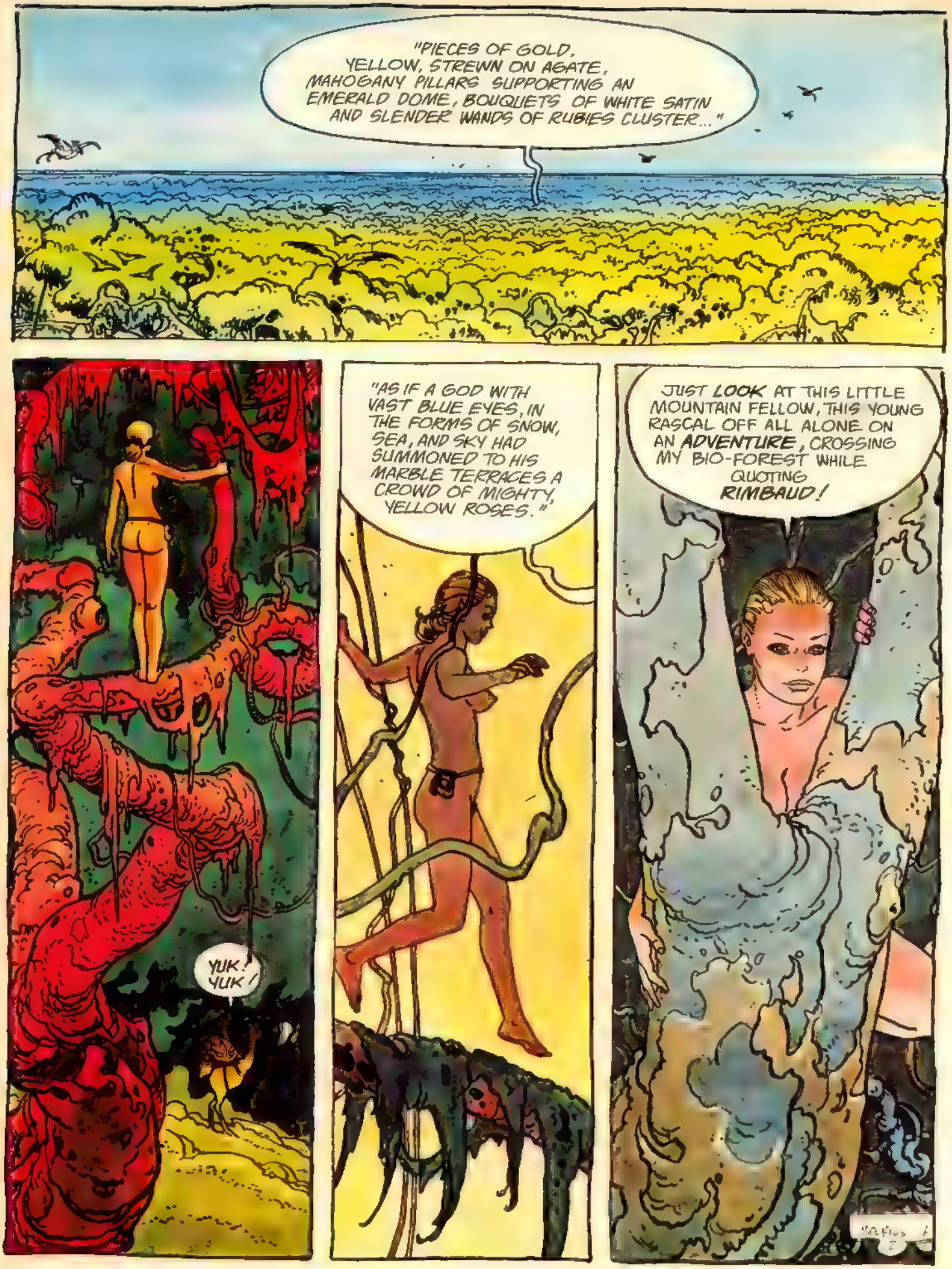


NO
NO
WALK

NO DOGS OR SKIN DIVING
NO SKIN DIVING —OR— FOOLING AROUND
NO

Zooo
Z...
Z...
Z...
Now all you young people
come listen to me,
When you take your vacation
down by the salt sea,
If you wish for the gods
and the fates to be kind,
Never mind, never mind,
never mind, never mind...
ZZooo
NO
END

BALLADE
MOEBIUS 77
"FROM A GOLDEN PLAIN AMIDST SILK RIBBONS, GRAY GAUZE, GREEN VELVETS, AND THE CRYSTAL DISKS WHICH BLACKEN LIKE BRONZE IN THE SUN" -- GIDDYUP KOLOKO! LET'S GO! YUK! YUK!
"I SEE THE FOXGLOVE OPEN ON A CARPET FILIGREED WITH SILVER EYES AND TRESSES.."
AAH...
WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY!


"PIECES OF GOLD, YELLOW, STREWN ON AGATE, MAHOGANY PILLARS SUPPORTING AN EMERALD DOME, BOUQUETS OF WHITE SATIN AND SLENDER WANDS OF RUBIES CLUSTER..."
YUK! YUK!
"AS IF A GOD WITH VAST BLUE EYES, IN THE FORMS OF SNOW, SEA, AND SKY HAD SUMMONED TO HIS MARBLE TERRACES A CROWD OF MIGHTY, YELLOW ROSES."
JUST LOOK AT THIS LITTLE MOUNTAIN FELLOW, THIS YOUNG RASCAL OFF ALL ALONE ON AN ADVENTURE, CROSSING MY BIO-FOREST WHILE QUOTING RIMBAUD!

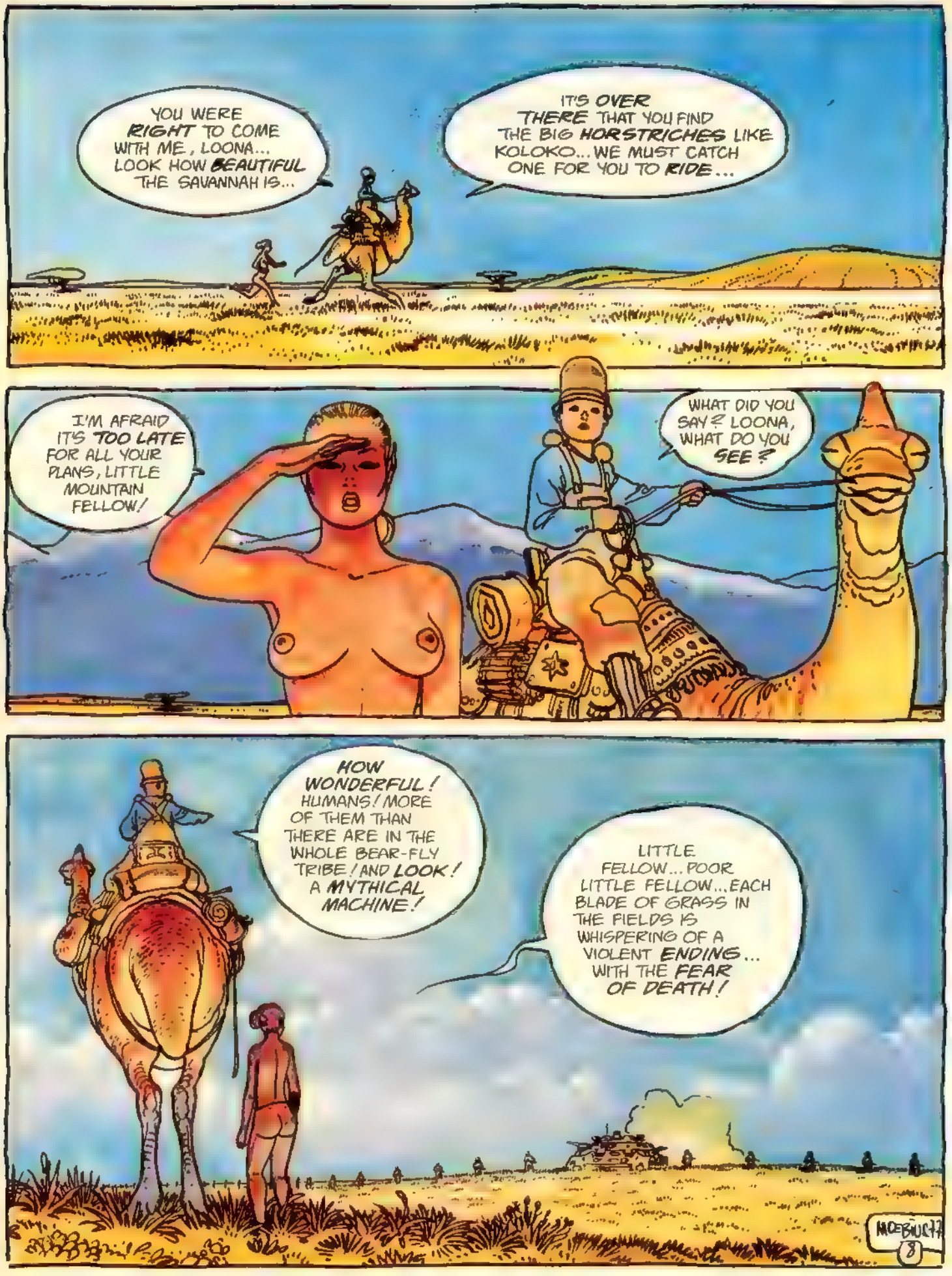
SOON, NIGHT FALLS...
WHAT DO THE FLAMES SAY TONIGHT? WILL TOMORROW BE A GOOD DAY, GOOD OLD KOLOKO?

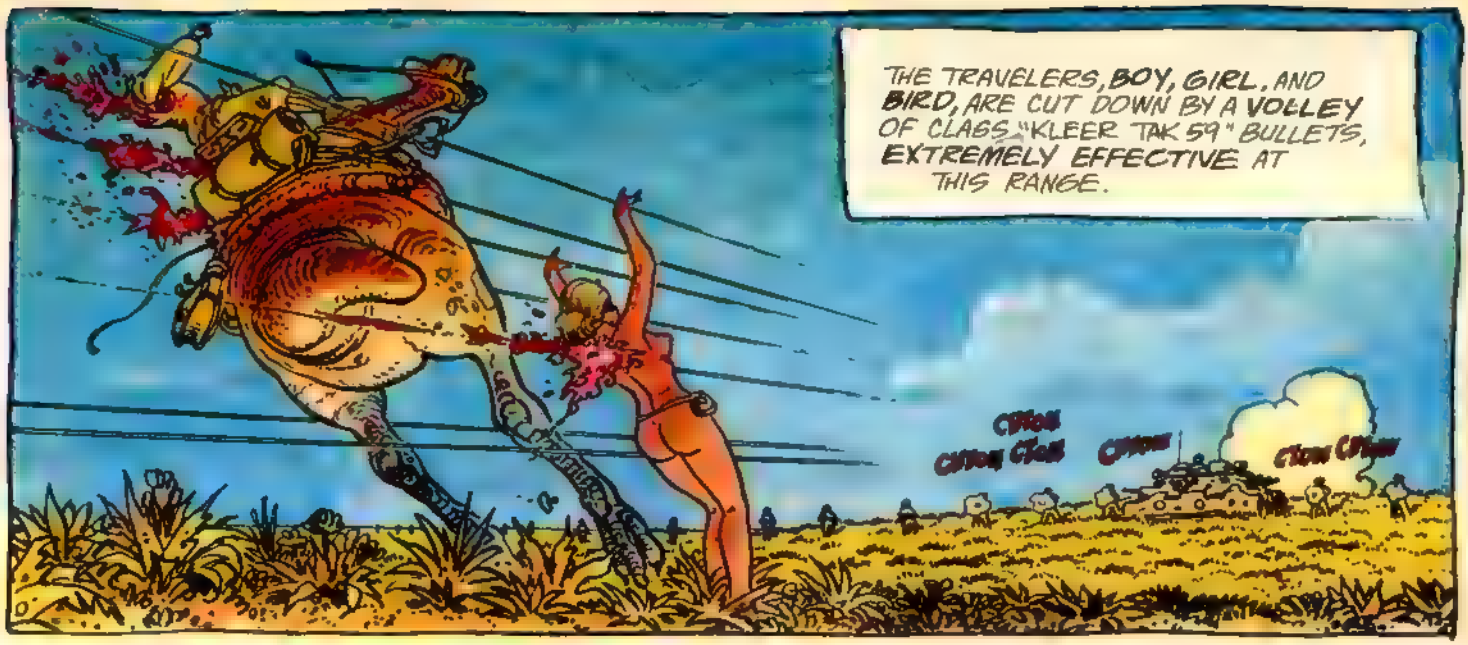
SUDDENLY: A HORRIBLE PIEDSHELL SCORPION!
UUUMMM! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE STUPID MONSTERS!

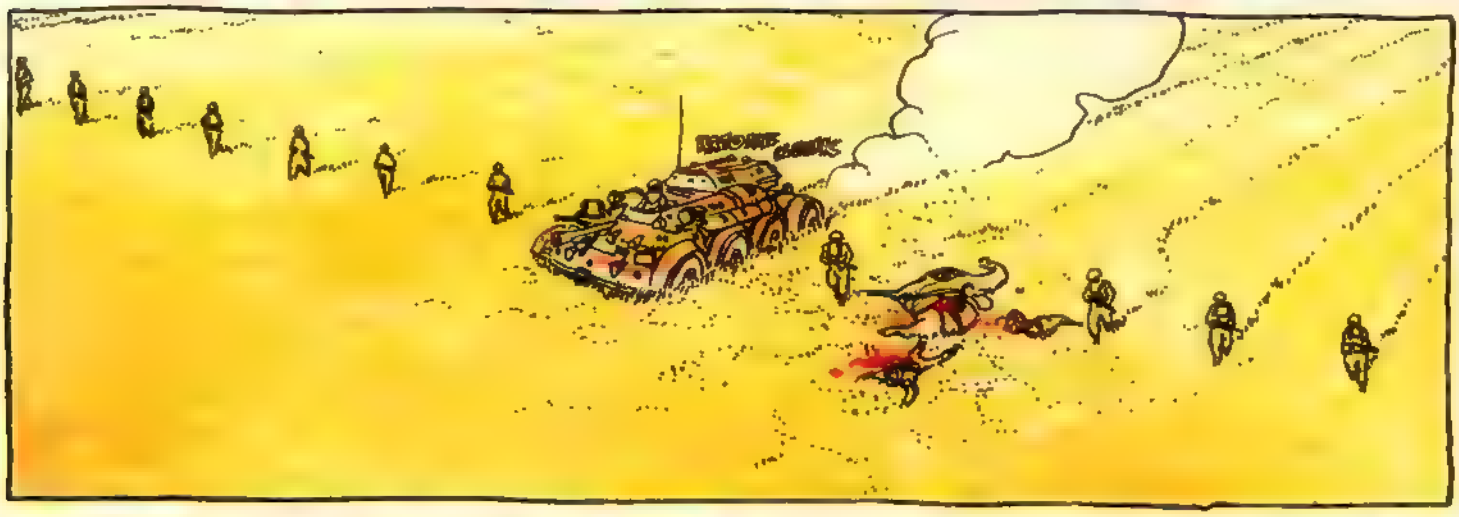
THE FAWN DANCES, TRACING IN THE AIR THE SECRET AND MAGICAL GESTURES WHICH HAVE ALWAYS PACIFIED THE PIEDSHELL.
THIS GIRL IS BUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE. SHE IS EXPERT AT RUNNING ALONG MOSSY BOUGHS. SHE EATS THE FRUITS WHICH GROW HERE FREELY IN PROFUSION.
AND ALL WHO DWELL IN THE BIO-FOREST KNOW HER LANGUAGE.
6

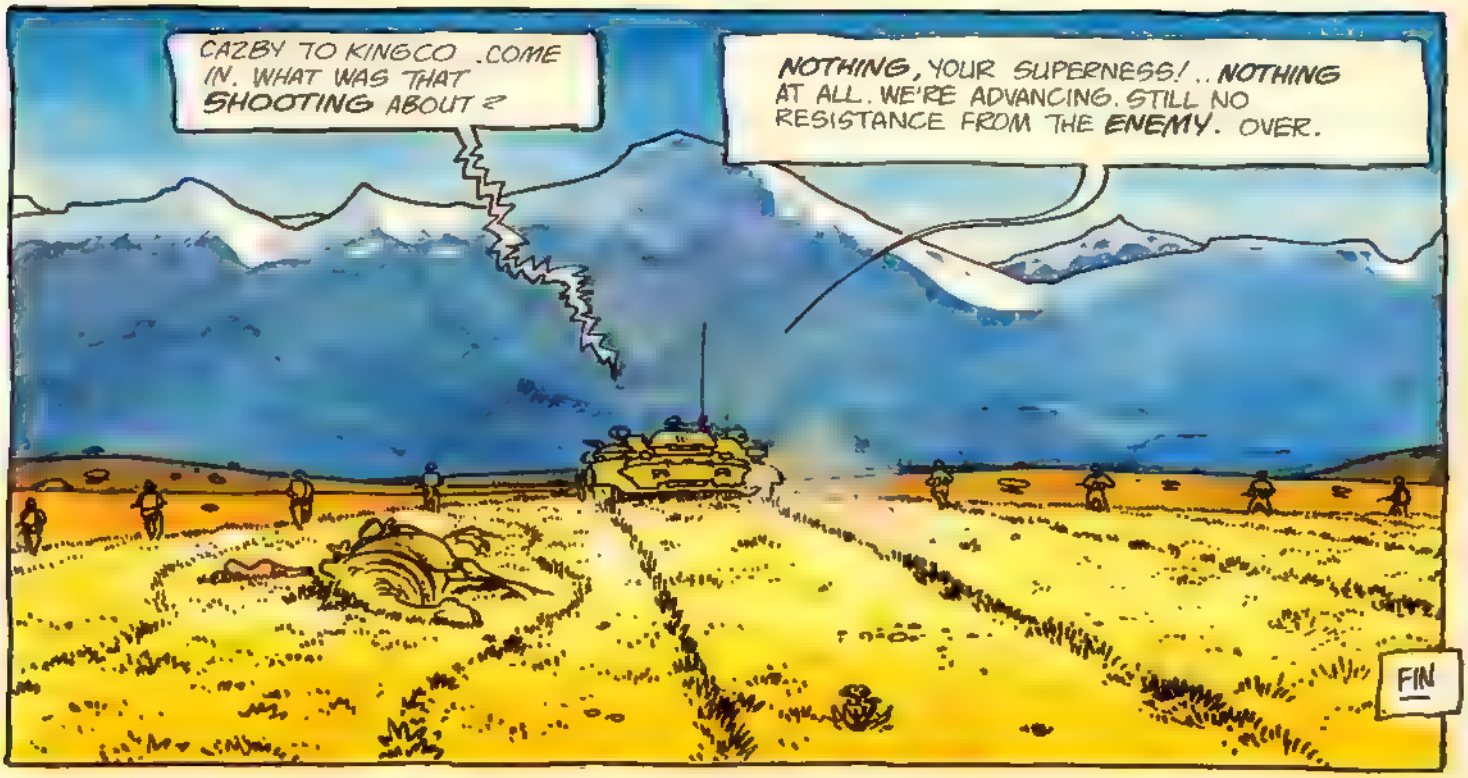
GOOD EVENING, LITTLE FELLOW FROM THE HIGHLANDS... IT WAS YOUR FIRE THAT ATTRACTED THE PIEDSHELL HERE... THEY HAVE THE BRAINS OF BUTTERFLIES..
AND IT'S ME THAT HE WANTED AS PLUNDER!... YUK... WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A NICE HOT CUP OF BANG, LITTLE FAWN?

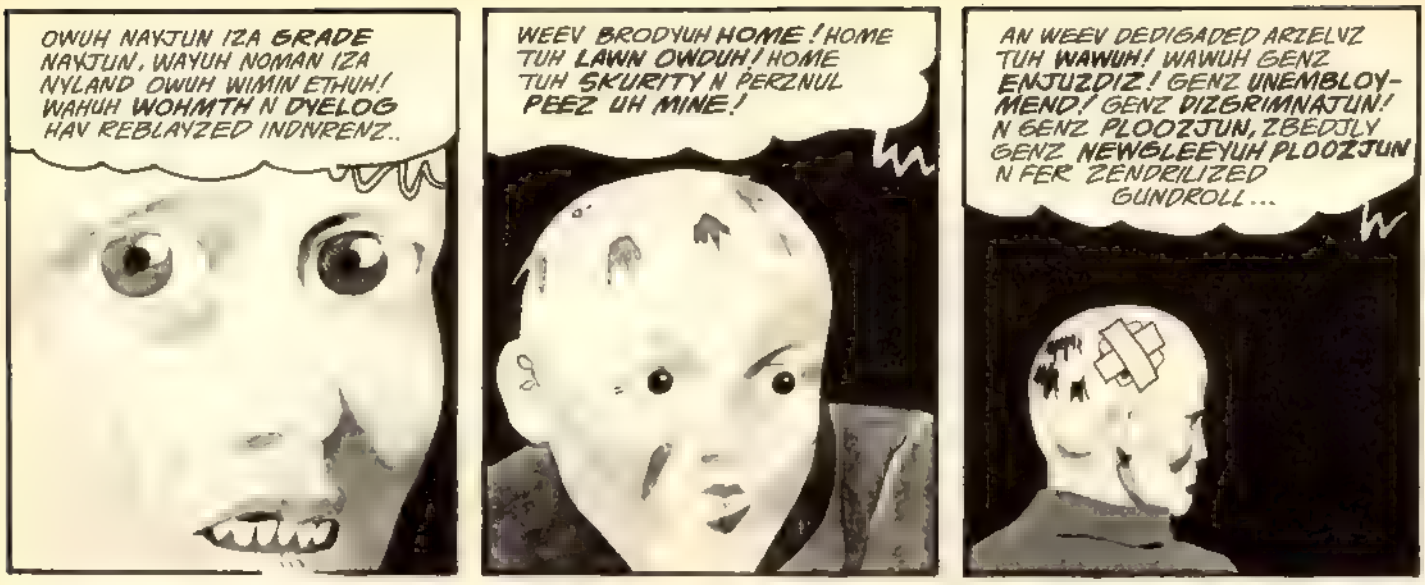
DON'T LAUGH, LOONA... UP IN THE HILLS, THE WHOLE BEAR-FLY TRIBE LAUGHED AT ME JUST THAT WAY WHEN I TOLD THEM I WAS GOING AROUND THE WORLD, THROUGH THE BIO-FOREST, ACROSS THE SAVANNAH, TO THE OCEAN SHORE... COME, LOONA!...
STOP LAUGHING AND THINK OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD...
I'VE HEARD OF GIANT SHIPS THAT FLOAT AND FLY... I'VE HEARD OF CITIES, LOONA, HUMAN CITIES!
YOU FELLOWS FROM THE MOUNTAINTOPS, RIDING YOUR BIG BIRDS, WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND HATS, AND SHOES ON YOUR FEET, YOU NO LONGER KNOW WHERE GOD IS...
WHY SHOULD I GO ANYWHERE WITH A HOPELESS IDIOT LIKE YOU..
MOEBIUS

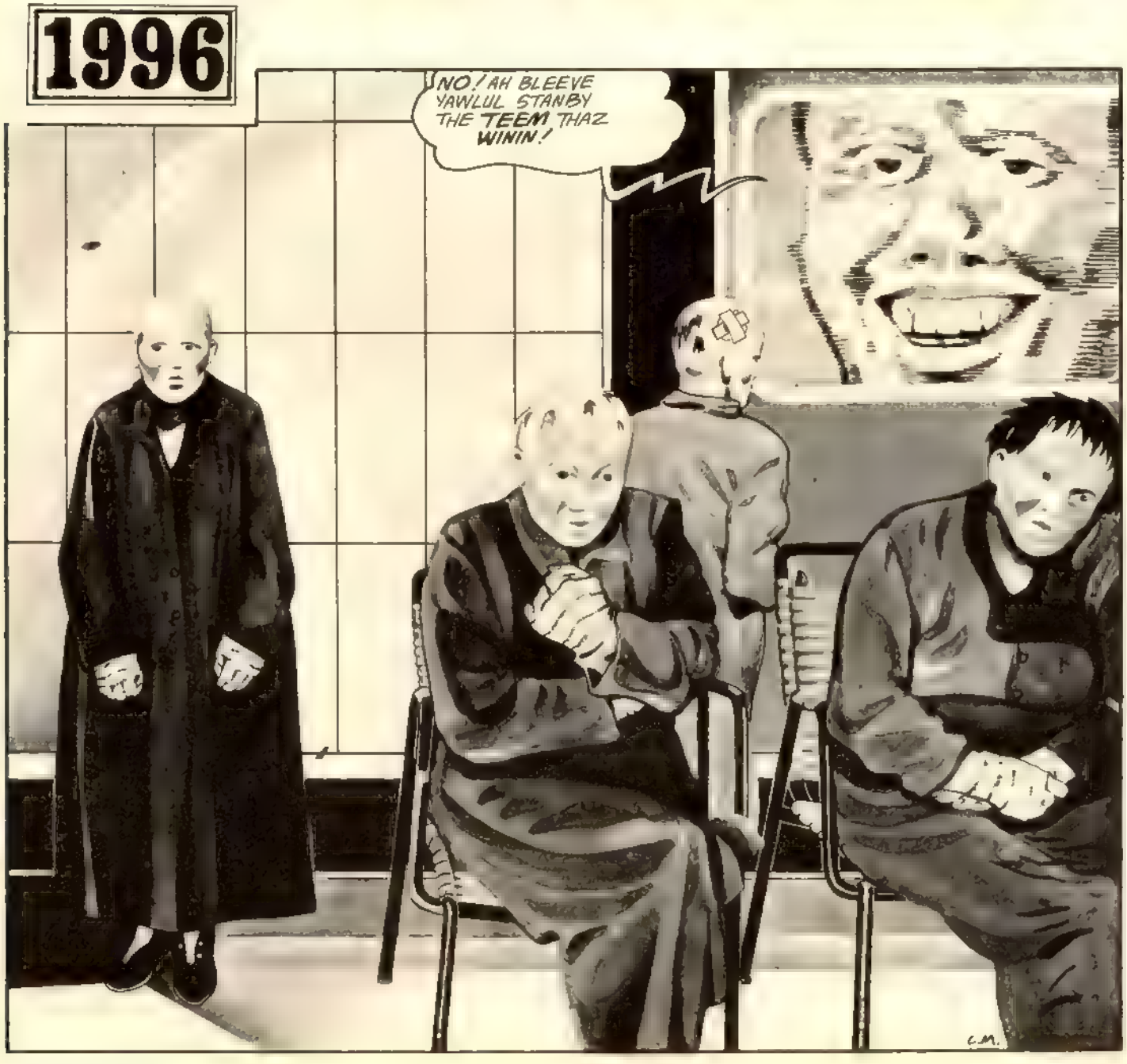

YOU WERE RIGHT TO COME WITH ME, LOONA... LOOK HOW BEAUTIFUL THE SAVANNAH IS...
IT'S OVER THERE THAT YOU FIND THE BIG HORSTRICHES LIKE KOLOKO... WE MUST CATCH ONE FOR YOU TO RIDE...
I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE FOR ALL YOUR PLANS, LITTLE MOUNTAIN FELLOW!
WHAT DID YOU SAY? LOONA, WHAT DO YOU SEE?
HOW WONDERFUL! HUMANS! MORE OF THEM THAN THERE ARE IN THE WHOLE BEAR-FLY TRIBE! AND LOOK! A MYTHICAL MACHINE!
LITTLE FELLOW... POOR LITTLE FELLOW... EACH BLADE OF GRASS IN THE FIELDS IS WHISPERING OF A VIOLENT ENDING... WITH THE FEAR OF DEATH!
MOEBIUS 8


THE TRAVELERS, BOY, GIRL, AND BIRD, ARE CUT DOWN BY A VOLLEY OF CLASS "KLEER TAK 59" BULLETS, EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE AT THIS RANGE.
CHOK
CHOK CHOK
CHOK
CHOK CHOK




CAZBY TO KINGCO . COME IN. WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTING ABOUT ?
NOTHING, YOUR SUPERNESS! .. NOTHING AT ALL. WE'RE ADVANCING. STILL NO RESISTANCE FROM THE ENEMY. OVER.
FIN


OWUH NAYJUN IZA GRADE NAYJUN, WAYUH NOMAN IZA NYLAND OWUH WIMIN ETHUH! WAHUH WOHMTH N DYELOG HAV REBLAYZED INDNRENZ..
WEEV BRODYUH HOME! HOME TUH LAWN OWDUH! HOME TUH SKURITY N PERZNUL PEEZ UH MINE!
AN WEEV DEDIGADED ARZELVZ TUH WAWUH! WAWUH GENZ ENJUZDIZ! GENZ UNEMBLOY-MEND! GENZ DIZGRIMNAJUN! N GENZ PLOOZJUN, ZBEDJLY GENZ NEWGLEEYUH PLOOZJUN N FER ZENDRILIZED GUNDROLL...


1996
NO! AH BLEEVE YAWLUL STANBY THE TEEM THAZ WININ!
C.M.

HEAVY COMIX!

From the depths of the "underground" come fabulous tales of sword and sorcery, of future worlds, of alien beings. These books represent some of the best American illustrated fantasy, printed in the original underground comix, exuberant and uninhibited. You must be 18 or over to order these collections of outstanding comic art.

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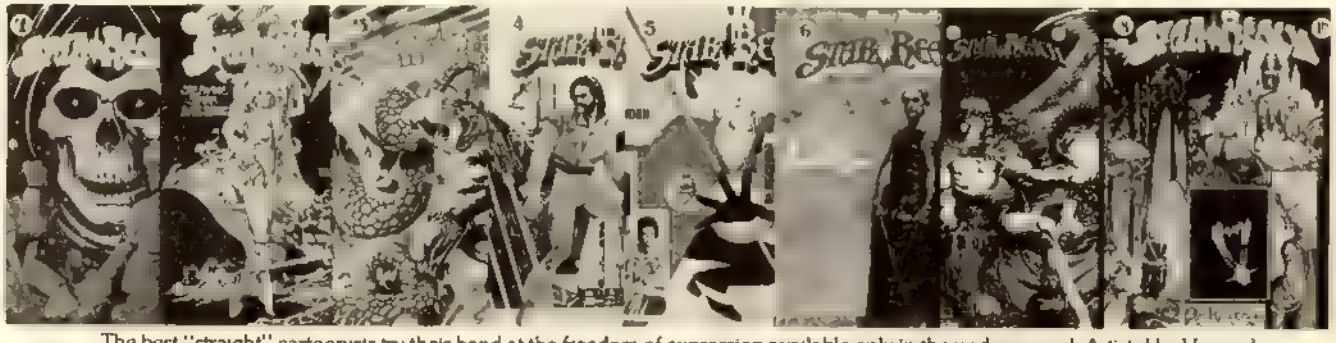
STAR REACH



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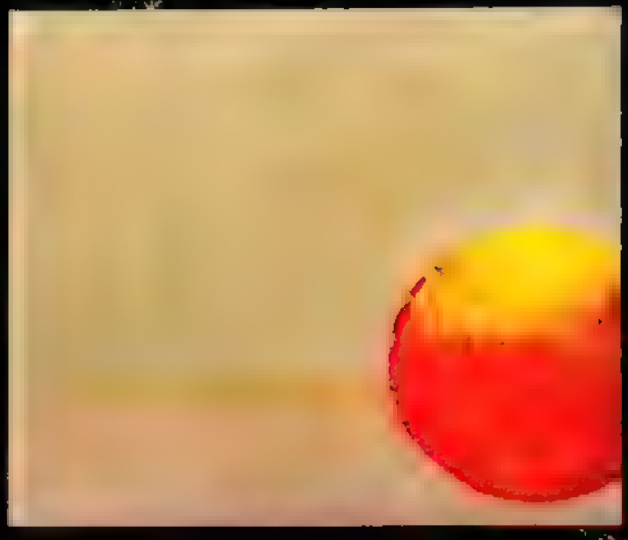

WORLD APART

THE GOLDEN CITY

BY E.E. DAVIS

THE END

BARBER

How's the Night Life on Cissalda?

By Harlan Ellison

When they unscrewed the time capsule, preparatory to helping temponaut Enoch Mirren disembark, they found him doing a disgusting thing with a disgusting thing.

Every head turned away. The word that sprang to mind first was, "*Feh!*"

They wouldn't tell Enoch Mirren's wife he was back. They evaded the question when Enoch Mirren's mother demanded to know the state of her son's health after his having taken the very first journey into another time/universe. The new President was given dissembling answers. No one bothered to call San Clemente. The Chiefs of Staff were kept in the dark. Inquiries from the CIA and the FBI were met with responses in pig Latin, and the bureaus were subtly diverted into investigating each other. Walter Cronkite found out, but after all, there are even limits to how tight security can get.

Their gorges buoyant, every one of them, the rescue crew and the medical team and the chrono-experts at TimeSep Central did their best, but found it impossible to pry temponaut Enoch Mirren's penis from the (presumably) warm confines of the disgusting thing's (presumed) sexual orifice.

A cadre of alien morphologists was assigned to make an evaluation: to decide if the disgusting thing was male or female. After a sleepless week they gave up. The head of the group made a good case for his team's failure. "It'd be a damned sight easier to decide if we could get that clown out of her . . . him . . . it . . . that thing!"

Illustration by Tom Barber

They tried cajoling, they tried threatening, they tried rational argument, they tried inductive logic, they tried deductive logic, they tried salary incentives, they tried profit sharing, they tried tickling his risibilities, they tried tickling his feet, they tried punching him, they tried shocking him, they tried arresting him, they tried crowbars, they tried hosing him down with cold water, then hot water, then seltzer water, they tried suction devices, they tried sensory deprivation, they tried doping him into unconsciousness. They tried shackling him to a team of Percherons pulling north and the disgusting thing to a team of Clydesdales pulling south. They gave up after three and a half weeks.

The word somehow leaked out that the capsule had come back from time/universe $Earth_2$ and the Russians rattled swords—suggesting that the decadent American filth had brought back a decimating plague that was even now oozing toward Minsk. (TimeSep Central quarantined anyone even remotely privy to the truth.) The OPEC nations announced that the Americans, in league with Zionist technocrats, had found a way to siphon off crude oil from the time/universe next to our own, and promptly raised the price of gasoline another two dollars a barrel. (TimeSep Central moved Enoch Mirren and the disgusting thing to its supersecret bunker headquarters sunk beneath the Painted Desert.) The Pentagon demanded the results of the debriefing and threatened to cut throats; Congress demanded the results and threatened to cut appropriations. (TimeSep Central bit the bullet—they had no other choice, there had been no debriefing—and they stonewalled: *we cannot relay the requested data at this time.*)

Temponaut Enoch Mirren continued coitusing.

The expert from Johns Hopkins, a tall, gray gentleman who wore three-piece suits, and whose security clearance was so stratospherically high the President called *him* on the red phone, sequestered himself with the temponaut and the disgusting thing for three days. When he emerged, he called in the TimeSep Central officials and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, quite simply put, Enoch Mirren has brought back from $Earth_2$ the most perfect fuck in the universe."

After they had revived one of the women and four of the men, the expert from Johns Hopkins, a serious, pale gentleman who wore wing-tip shoes, continued. "As best I can estimate, this creature—clearly an alien life-form from some other planet in that alternate time/universe—has an erotic capacity that, once engaged, cannot be neutralized. Once having begun to enjoy its, uh, favors . . . a man either cannot or *will not* stop having relations."

"But that's impossible!" said one of the women. "Men simply cannot hold an erection that long." She looked around at several of her male compatriots with disdain.

"Apparently, the thing secretes some sort of stimulant, a jelly perhaps, that reengorges the male member," said the expert from Johns Hopkins.

"But is it male or female?" asked one of the men, an administrative assistant who had let it slip in one of their regular encounter sessions that he was concerned about his own sexual preferences.

"It's both, and neither," said the expert from Johns Hopkins. "It seems equipped to handle anything up to and including chickens or kangaroos with double vaginas." He smiled a thin, controlled smile, saying, "You folks have a problem," and then he presented them with a staggering bill for his services. Then he departed, still smiling.

They were little better off than they had been before.

But the women seemed interested.

Two months later, having fed temponaut Enoch Mirren intravenously when they noticed that his weight had been dropping alarmingly, they found an answer to the problem of separating the man and the sex object. By setting up a random sequence sound wave system, pole to pole, with Mirren and his paramour between, they were able to disrupt the flow of energy in the disgusting thing's metabolism. Mirren opened his eyes, blinked several times, murmured, "Oh, that was *good!*" and they pried him loose.

The disgusting thing instantly rolled into a ball and went to sleep.

They immediately hustled Enoch Mirren into an elevator and dropped with him to the deepest, most tightly secured level of the supersecret underground TimeSep Central complex, where a debriefing interrogation cell waited to claim him. It was 10′x10′x20′, heavily padded in black Naugahyde, and was honeycombed with sensors and microphones. No lights.

They put him in the cell, let him stew for twelve hours, then fed him, and began the debriefing.

"Mirren, what the hell *is* that disgusting thing?"

The voice came from the ceiling. In the darkness Enoch Mirren belched lightly from the quenelles of red snapper they had served him, and scooted around on the floor where he was sitting, trying to locate the source of the annoyed voice.

"It's a terrific little person from Cissalda," he said.

"Cissalda?" Another voice; a woman's voice.

"A planet in another star system of that other time/universe," he replied politely. "They call it Cissalda."

"It can talk?" A third voice, more studious.

"Telepathically. Mind-to-mind. When we're making love."

"All right, knock it off, Mirren!" the first voice said.

Enoch Mirren sat in darkness, smiling.

"Then there's life in that other universe, apart from that disgusting thing, is that right?" The third voice.

"Oh, sure," Enoch Mirren said, playing with his toes. He had discovered he was naked.

"How's the night life on Cissalda?" asked the woman's voice, not really seriously.

"Well, there's not much activity during the week," he answered, "but Saturday nights are dynamite, I'm told."

"I said *knock it off*, Mirren!"

"Yes, sir."

The third voice, as if reading from a list of prepared questions, asked, "Describe time/universe $Earth_2$ as fully as you can; will you do that, please?"

"I didn't see that much, to be perfectly frank with you, but it's really nice over there. It's warm and very bright, even when the frenzel smelches. Every nolnek there's a vit, when the cosmish isn't drendeling. But *I* found . . ."

"*Hold it, Mirren!*" the first voice screamed.

There was a gentle click, as if the speakers were cut off while the interrogation team talked things over. Enoch scooted around till he found the soft wall, and sat up against it, whistling happily. He whistled "You and the Night and the Music," segueing smoothly into "Some Day My Prince Will Come." There was another gentle click and one of the voices returned. It was the angry voice that spoke first; the impatient one who was clearly unhappy with the tempo-

"How's the Night Life on Cissalda?" copyright © 1977, Harlan Ellison. Reprinted from Chrysalis, *a new science fiction anthology edited by Roy Torgeson. Featuring original stories by Theodore Sturgeon, Richard Lupoff, and other notables. (Zebra Books, Kensington Publishing Corp.).*

naut. His tone was soothing, cajoling, as if he were the Recreation Director of the Outpatient Clinic of the Menninger Foundation.

"Enoch . . . may I call you Enoch? . . ." Enoch murmured it was lovely to be called Enoch, and the first voice went on, "We're, uh, having a bit of difficulty understanding you."

"How so?"

"Well, we're taping this conversation . . . uh, you don't *mind* if we tape this, do you, Enoch?"

"Huh-uh."

"Yes, well. We find, on the tape, the following words: *frenzel, smelches, nolneg* . . ."

"That's nol*nek*," Enoch Mirren said. "A nol*neg* is quite another matter. In fact, if you were to refer to a nolnek as a nolneg, one of the tilffs would certainly get highly upset and level a renaq . . ."

"*Hold it!*" The hysterical tone was creeping back into the interrogator's voice. "Nolnek, nolneg, what does it matter—"

"Oh, it matters a lot. See, as I was saying—"

"—it doesn't matter at *all*, Mirren, you asshole! We can't understand a word you're saying!"

The woman's voice interrupted. "Lay back, Bert. Let me talk to him." Bert mumbled something vaguely obscene under his breath. If there was anything Enoch hated, it was vagueness.

"Enoch," said the woman's voice, "this is Dr. Arpin. Inez Arpin? Remember me? I was on your training team before you left?"

Enoch thought about it. "Were you the black lady with the glasses and the ink blots?"

"No. I'm the white lady with the rubber gloves and the rectal thermometer."

"Oh, sure, of course. You have very trim ankles."

"Thank you."

Bert's voice exploded through the speaker. "*Jeezus* Kee*rice*, Inez!"

"Enoch," Dr. Arpin continued, ignoring Bert, "are you speaking in tongues?"

Enoch Mirren was silent for a moment, then said, "Gee, I'm awfully sorry. I guess I've been linked up with the Cissaldan so long, I've absorbed a lot of how it thinks and speaks. I'm really sorry. I'll try to translate."

The studious voice spoke again. "How did you meet the, uh, Cissaldan?"

"Just appeared. I didn't call it or anything. Didn't even see it arrive. One minute it wasn't there, and the next it was."

Dr. Arpin spoke. "But how did it get from its own planet to $Earth_2$? Some kind of spaceship, perhaps?"

"No, it just . . . came. It can move by will. It told me it felt my presence, and just simply hopped across all the way from its home in that other star system. I think it was true love that brought it. Isn't that nice?"

All three voices tried speaking at once.

"Teleportation!" Dr. Arpin said, wonderingly.

"Mind-to-mind contact, telepathy, across unfathomable light-years of space," the studious voice said, awesomely.

"And what does it want, Mirren?" Bert demanded, forgetting the conciliatory tone. His voice was the loudest.

"Just to make love; it's really a terrific little person."

"So you just hopped in the sack with that disgusting thing, is that right? Didn't even give a thought to decent morals or contamination or your responsibility to us, or the mission, or anything? Just jumped right into the hay with that pukeable pervert?"

"It semed like a good idea at the time," Enoch said.

"Well, it was a *lousy* idea, whaddaya think about *that*, Mirren? And there'll be repercussions, you can bet on that, too; repercussions! Investigations! Responsibility must be placed!" Bert was shouting again. Dr. Arpin was trying to calm him.

At that moment, Enoch heard an alarm go off somewhere. It came through the speakers in the ceiling quite clearly, and in a moment the speakers were cut off. But in that moment the sound filled the interrogation cell, its ululations signaling dire emergency. Enoch sat in silence, in darkness, naked, humming, waiting for the voices to return. He hoped he'd be allowed to get back to his Cissaldan pretty soon.

But they never came back. Not ever.

The alarm had rung because the disgusting thing had vanished. The alien morphologists who had been monitoring it through the one-way glass of the control booth fronting on the examination stage that formed the escape-proof study chamber, had been turned away only a few seconds, accepting mugs of steaming stimulant-laced coffee from a Tech 3. When they turned back, the examination stage was empty. The disgusting thing was gone.

People began running around in ever-decreasing circles. Some of them disappeared into holes in the walls and made like they weren't there.

Three hours later they found the disgusting thing.

It was making love with Dr. Marilyn Hornback in a broom closet.

TimeSep Central, deep underground, was the primary locus of visitation, because it had taken the Cissaldan a little while to acclimate itself. But even as Bert, Dr. Inez Arpin, the studious type whose name does not matter, and all the others who came under the classification of chrono-experts were trying to unscramble their brains at the bizarre progression of events in TimeSep Central, matters were already out of their hands.

Cissaldans began appearing everywhere.

As though summoned by some silent song of space and time (which, in fact, was the case), disgusting things began popping into existence all over Earth. Like kernels of corn suddenly erupting into blossoms of popcorn, one moment there would be nothing—or a great deal of what passed for nothing—and the next moment a Cissaldan was there. Invariably, right beside a human being. And, in the next moment, the invariable human being would get this *good* idea that it might be nice to, uh, er, that is, well, sorta *do it* with this creature . . .

Saffron-robed monks entering the mountain fastness of the Dalai Lama found that venerable fount of cosmic wisdom busily *shtupping* a disgusting thing. A beatific smile creased his wizened countenance.

An international conference of Violently Inclined Filmmakers at the Bel Air Hotel in Beverly Hills was interrupted when it was noticed that Roman Polanski was under a table making violent love to a thing no one wanted to look at. Sam Peckinpah rushed over to abuse it. That went on, till Peckinpah's disgusting thing materialized and the director fell upon it, moaning.

In the middle of their telecasts, Carmelita Pope, Dinah Shore, and Merv Griffin looked away from the cyclopean red eye of the live cameras, spotted disgusting things, exposed themselves, and went to it, thereby upping their flagging ratings considerably.

His Glorious Majesty, the Right Honorable President, General Idi Amin Dada, while selecting material for his

new cowboy suit (crushed velvet had his temporary nod as being in just the right vein of quiet good taste), witnessed a materialization right beside his adenoid-shaped swimming pool and fell on his back. The disgusting thing hopped on. No one paid any attention.

Truman Capote, popping Quaaludes like M&Ms, rolled himself into a puffy little ball as his Cissaldan mounted him. The level of dope in his system, however, was so high that the disgusting thing went mad and strained itself straight up the urethra and hid itself against his prostate. Capote's voice instantly dropped three octaves.

Maidservants to Queen Elizabeth, knocking frantically on the door to her bedchamber, were greeted with silence. Guards instantly forced the door. They turned their heads away from the disgusting sight that greeted them. There was nothing regal, nothing imperial, nothing even remotely majestic about what was taking place there on the floor.

When Salvador Dali entered his Cissaldan, his waxed mustaches drooped alarmingly, like molten pocket watches.

Anita Bryant, locked in her bassinet-pink bathroom with her favorite vibrator, found herself suddenly assaulted by a disgusting thing. She fought it off and a second appeared. Then a third. Then a platoon. In moments the sounds of her outraged shrieks could be heard throughout that time zone, degenerating quickly into a bubbling, citraholic gurgle. It was the big bang theory actualized.

Cissaldans appeared to 1400 assembly line workers in the automobile plant at Toyota City, just outside Yokohama. While the horny-handed sons and daughters of toil were busily getting it on, hundreds of half-assembled car bodies crashed and thundered into an untidy pile forty feet high.

Masters and Johnson had it off with the same one.

Billy Graham was discovered by his wife and members of his congregation having congress with a disgusting thing in a dust bin. He was "knowing" it, however, in the Biblical sense, murmuring, "*I* found it!"

Three fugitive *Reichsmarschalls*, posing as Bolivian sugar cane workers while they plotted the renascence of the Third Reich, were confronted by suddenly materialized Cissaldans in a field near Cochabamba. Though the disgusting things looked disgustingly kosher, the unrepentant Nazis hurled themselves onto the creatures, visualizing pork-fat sandwiches.

William Shatner, because of his deep and profound experience with Third World Aliens, attempted to communicate with the disgusting thing that popped into existence in his dressing room. He began delivering a captainlike lecture on coexistence and the Cissaldan—bored—vanished, to find a more suitable mate. A few minutes later, a less discerning Cissaldan appeared, and Shatner, now overcome with this *good* idea, fell on it, dislodging his hairpiece.

Evel Knievel took a running jump at a disgusting thing, overshot, hit the wall, and, semiconscious, dragged himself back to the waiting aperture.

There in that other time/universe, the terrific little persons of Cissalda had spent an eternity making love to one another. But their capacity for passion was enormous, beyond calculation, intense and never-waning. It could be called *fornigalactic*. They had waited millennia for some other race to make itself known to them. But life springs into being only rarely, and their eons were spent in familiar sex with their own kind, and in loneliness. A loneliness monumental to conceive. When Enoch Mirren had come through the fabric of time and space to $Earth_2$, they had sent the most adept of their race to check him out. And the Cissaldan looked upon Enoch Mirren and found him to be *good*.

And so, like a reconnaissance ant sent out from the hill to scout the territory of a sugar cookie, that most talented of disgusting things sent back telepathic word to its kind: *We've got a live one here.*

Now, in mere moments, the flood of teleporting Cissaldans overflowed the Earth: one for every man, woman, and child on the planet. Also leftovers for chickens and kangaroos with double vaginas.

The four top members of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Supreme Soviet of the Communist Party (CPSU) of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—Brezhnev, Kosygin, Podgorny, and Gromyko—deserted the four hefty ladies who had come as Peoples' Representatives to the National Tractor Operators Conference from the Ukraine, and began having wild—but socialistic—intercourse with the disgusting things that materialized on their conference table. The four hefty ladies did not care: four Cissaldans had popped into existence for *their* pleasure. It was better than being astride a tractor. Or Brezhnev, Kosygin, Podgorny, and Gromyko.

All over the world, Mort Sahl and Samuel Beckett and Fidel Castro and H. R. Haldeman and Ti-Grace Atkinson and Lord Snowdon and Jonas Salk and Jorge Luis Borges and Golda Meir and Earl Butts linked up with disgusting things and said no more. A stately and pleasant hush fell across the planet. Barbra Streisand hit the highest note of her career as she was penetrated. Philip Roth had guilt, but did it anyhow. Stevie Wonder fumbled, but got in finally. It was good.

All over the planet Earth it was quiet and it was *good*.

One week later, having established without room for discourse that Naugahyde was neither edible nor appetizing, Enoch Mirren decided he was being brutalized. He had not been fed, been spoken to, been permitted the use of lavatory facilities, or in even the smallest way been noticed since the moment he had heard the alarm go off and the speakers had been silenced. His interrogation cell smelled awful, he had lost considerable weight, he had a dreadful ringing in his ears from the silence and, to make matters terminal, the air was getting thin. "Okay, no more Mister Nice Guy," he said to the silence, and proceeded to effect his escape.

Clearly, easy egress from a 10′x10′x20′ padded cell sunk half a mile down in the most top-secret installation in America was not possible. If there was a door to the cell, it was so cleverly concealed that hours of careful fingertip examination could not reveal it. There were speaker grilles in the ceiling of the cell, but that was a full twenty feet above him. He was tall, and thin—a lot thinner now—but even if he jumped, it was still a good ten feet out of reach.

He thought about his problem and wryly recalled a short story he had read in an adventure magazine many years before. It had been a cheap pulp magazine, filled with stories hastily written for scandalously penurious rates, and the craftsmanship had been employed accordingly. In the story that now came to Enoch's mind, the first installment of the serial had ended with the mightily-thewed hero trapped at the bottom of a very deep pit floored with poison-tipped stakes, as a horde of coral snakes slithered toward him, brackish water was pumped into the pit and rising rapidly, his left arm was broken, he was without weapon, and a man-eating Sumatran black panther peered over the

lip of the pit, watching him closely. Enoch remembered wondering—with supreme confidence in the writer's talents and ingenuity—how he would rescue his hero. The month-long wait till the next issue was on the newsstand was the longest month of Enoch's life. On the day of its release, he had pedaled down to the newsstand on his Schwinn and snagged the first copy of the adventure magazine from the bundle almost before the dealer had snipped the binding wire. He had dashed outside, thrown himself down on the curb, and riffled through the magazine till he found the second installment of the cliff-hanging serial. How would the writer, this master of suspense and derring-do, save the beleaguered hero?

Part two began:

"With one mighty leap, Vance Lionmane freed himself from the pit, overcoming the panther and rushing forward to save the lovely Ariadne from the aborigines."

Later, comma, after he had escaped from the interrogation cell, Enoch Mirren was to remember that moment, thinking again as he had when but a child what a rotten lousy cheat that writer had been.

There were no Cissaldans left over. Everywhere Enoch went he found the terrific little persons shacked up with old men, young women, pre- and post-pubescent children, ducks, porpoises, wildebeests, dogs, arctic terns, llamas, young men, old women and, of course, chickens and kangaroos with double vaginas. But no lovemate for Enoch Mirren.

It became clear after several weeks of wandering, waiting for a materialization in his immediate vicinity, that the officials at TimeSep Central had dealt with him more severely than they could have known.

They had broken the rhythm. They had pulled him out of that disgusting thing, and now, because the Cissaldans were telepathically linked and were *all* privy to the knowledge, no Cissaldan would have anything to do with him.

The disgusting things handled rejection very badly.

Enoch Mirren sat on a high cliff a few miles south of Carmel, California. The Peterbilt he had driven across the country in futile search of another human being who was not making love to a Cissaldan was parked on the shoulder of Route 1, the Pacific Coast Highway, above him. He sat on the cliff with his legs dangling over the Pacific Ocean. The guidebook beside him said the waters should be filled with seals at play, with sea otters wrapped in kelp while they floated on their backs cracking clams against their bellies, with whales migrating, because this was January and time for the great creatures to commence their journey. But it was cold, and the wind tore at him, and the sea was empty. Somewhere, elsewhere, no doubt, the seals and the cunning sea otters and the majestic whales were locked in passionate embrace with disgusting things from another time/universe.

Loneliness had driven him to thinking of those terrific little persons as disgusting things. Love and hate are merely obverse faces of the same devalued coin. Aristotle said that. Or Pythagoras. One of that crowd.

The first to know true love, he was the last to know total loneliness. He wasn't the last human on Earth, but a lot of good it did him. Everybody was busy, and he was alone. And long after they had all died of starvation, he would still be here . . . unless he decided some time in the ugly future to drive the Peterbilt off a cliff somewhere.

But not just yet. Not just now.

He pulled the notebook and pen from his parka pocket, and finished writing the story of what had happened. It was not a long story, and he had written it as an open letter, addressing it to whatever race or species inherited the Earth long after the Cissaldans had wearied of banging corpses and had returned to their own time/universe to wait for new lovers. He suspected that without a reconnaissance ant to lead them here, to establish a telepathic-teleportational link, they would not be able to get back here once they had left.

He only hoped it would not be the cockroaches who rose up through the evolutionary muck to take over the cute little Earth, but he had a feeling that was to be the case. In all his travels across the land, the only creatures that could not get a Cissaldan to make love to them were the cockroaches. Apparently, even disgusting things had a nausea threshold. Unchecked, the cockroaches were already swarming across the world.

He finished the story, stuffed it in an empty Perrier water bottle, capped it securely with a stopper and wax, and flung it by its neck as far out as he could into the ocean.

He watched it float in and out with the tide for a while, until a current caught it and took it away. Then he rose, wiped off his hands, and strode back up the slope to the eighteen-wheeler. He was smiling sadly. It had just occurred to him that his only consolation in bearing the knowledge that he had destroyed the human race was that for a little while, in the eyes of the best fuck in the universe, *he* had been the best fuck in the universe.

There wasn't a cockroach in the world who could claim the same.

CHAIN MAIL

Gentlebeings:

Have been reading *Heavy Metal* with delight & thought I'd let you know. A friend turned me on to *Metal Hurlant* a year or two ago, & I was pleased to see it materialize in an American guise, & am pleased to see the way you've been doing it.

Best,
Robert Silverberg
Oakland, Calif.

My God, a card from the Robert Silverberg, editor of the new anthology, Galactic Dreamers: Science Fiction as Visionary Literature.–*Eds.*

Dear Sirs:

I want to tell you it is very important to send me your interesting review much better packed, because I have the suspicion that people of the Mexican Post Office see it, and they *rob it.* Please, enclose the review *inside a good and gross envelope* and so any danger is out.

Gilberto Montiel Mendoza,
Mexico

A good and gross envelope it shall be, G.M. But if you can't trust the Mexican Post Office, who can you trust?–Eds.

Dear Metalik Director:

That's a very good thing, you're publishing my stories in your mag. I really dig it! But . . . you can be most careful with their reproduction. The mutilation of the cases . . . it don't help to make artwork more beautiful or communicating. In *HM* #6, in the story "Orcyb," arms and legs of the characters were taked off . . . why?

I must signal that the translations are very good. . . . You know, we put lots of energy in our work, and it's amazing to see a perfect reproduction. My best wishes for your mag,

Sergio Macedo,
Paris

(Continued on next page)

Dear Sergio: Hope you like the book of yours — Psychorock — we just published. Hope you like the check for it, too. Hope you understand that the film we receive from France of your work is oversized — and Harry the Art Director (and rat with women) goes squirrelly in the back room cropping and adjusting to get as much of your fantastic art as possible into our smaller page size.–Eds.

Gentlemen:

Heavy Metal, 9/77, pg. 57 upper left. Pacino?

Charles Burgess,
Wilmington, Ohio

Cld be. Or De Niro. Or Hoffman. All earthlings look alike to us.–Eds.

Editors:

So far *Heavy Metal* is a disappointment. My main complaint is with the ignorant, spineless sexist content of the rag. Twits, don't you realize women read fantasy, too?

To a woman, every issue has been an insult. Women are people, dummies. End this sexist/sadistic bull and grow.

D. D'Falahee,
San Francisco, Calif.

Have the impression this is a form letter you automatically fire off to all new mags, D. Three of HM*'s four editors are women. Regular contributors include Zha, Nicollet, Claveloux, and Montellier — all women. We feature enough male nudes to make the mag a favorite with gays, for what that's worth. But, finally, the magazine is of fantasy — and doesn't treat women or men as "human beings," but as idealized, imaginary characters. If the only thing preventing the passage of the E.R.A. is the big tits on space ladies, it's a weirder world than even we imagined.–Eds.*

Dear Heavies:

Well, who would have thought such escapism could be welcome here in Euphoria, Kansas? An excellent magazine, with few exceptions. "Age of Ages" detracts from your overall atmosphere. Same goes for "Roger," the photographic fiasco.

Moebius is superb. Love that Harzak! "Conquering Armies" is like Tolkien's world of Rings and Hobbits, and fascinating . . .

I'm glad I subscribed. Cheaper than smoking, too.

Michael Leclear,
Emporia, Kansas

Well, of course, we liked "Roger" and "Age of Ages," or we wouldn't have run them . . . there's another long chapter of "Conquering Armies" in our January issue. You'll love it. But why this reference to tobacco?–Eds.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. $4 00

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($3.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($2.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen ($2.00)

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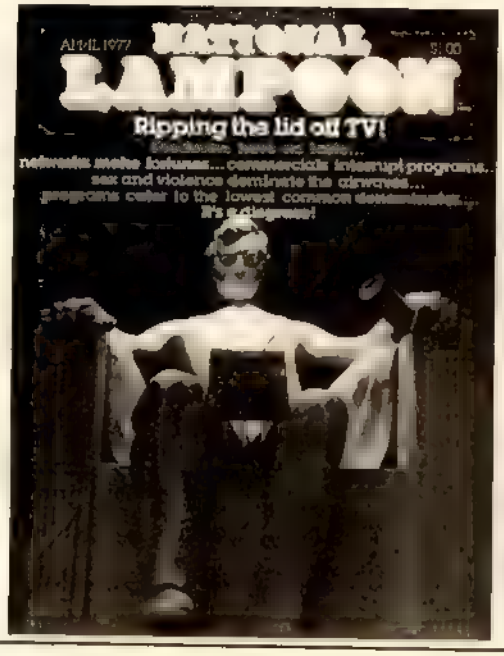
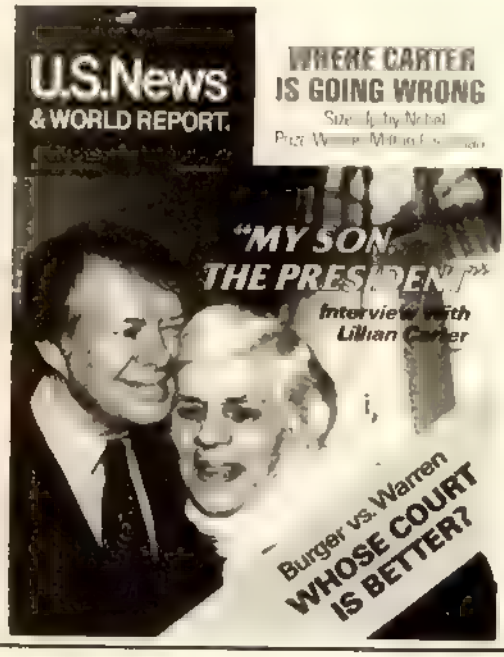
We submitted the *National Lampoon* to an independent testing institute to see how well we stack up against our leading competitor.

Here are the results:





Big Boffs	YES	NO
Madcap Antics	YES	NO
Articles on Balance of Trade Payments	NO	YES
Mirth	YES	NO
Merriment	YES	NO
Tons of Fun	YES	NO
Reports on Emerging African Nations	NO	YES
Snappy Patter	YES	NO
Exactly 12 Issues a Year	YES	NO
	7YES	2YES

SPECIAL OFFER

You subscribe to the *National Lampoon* and we do the rest. What's so special about that, you ask. This is "what's so special about that," as you so snidely put it; what if we didn't do the rest? What if we just said the hell with it; you want your magazine, you come in and get it— we're too busy. But we don't say that. We say we'll do the rest, and we mean it. Other magazines don't say they'll do the rest, so maybe they don't do the rest. This is precisely why we don't subscribe to other magazines. And you shouldn't, either! Even more importantly, notice the incredible savings on two- and three-year subscriptions to the *National Lampoon*. If you take a two-year subscription, that second year costs you only $2.05. Now, that's something no other magazine offers. And there's a big saving on three-year subscriptions, too. No wonder only *NatLamp* dares to compare!

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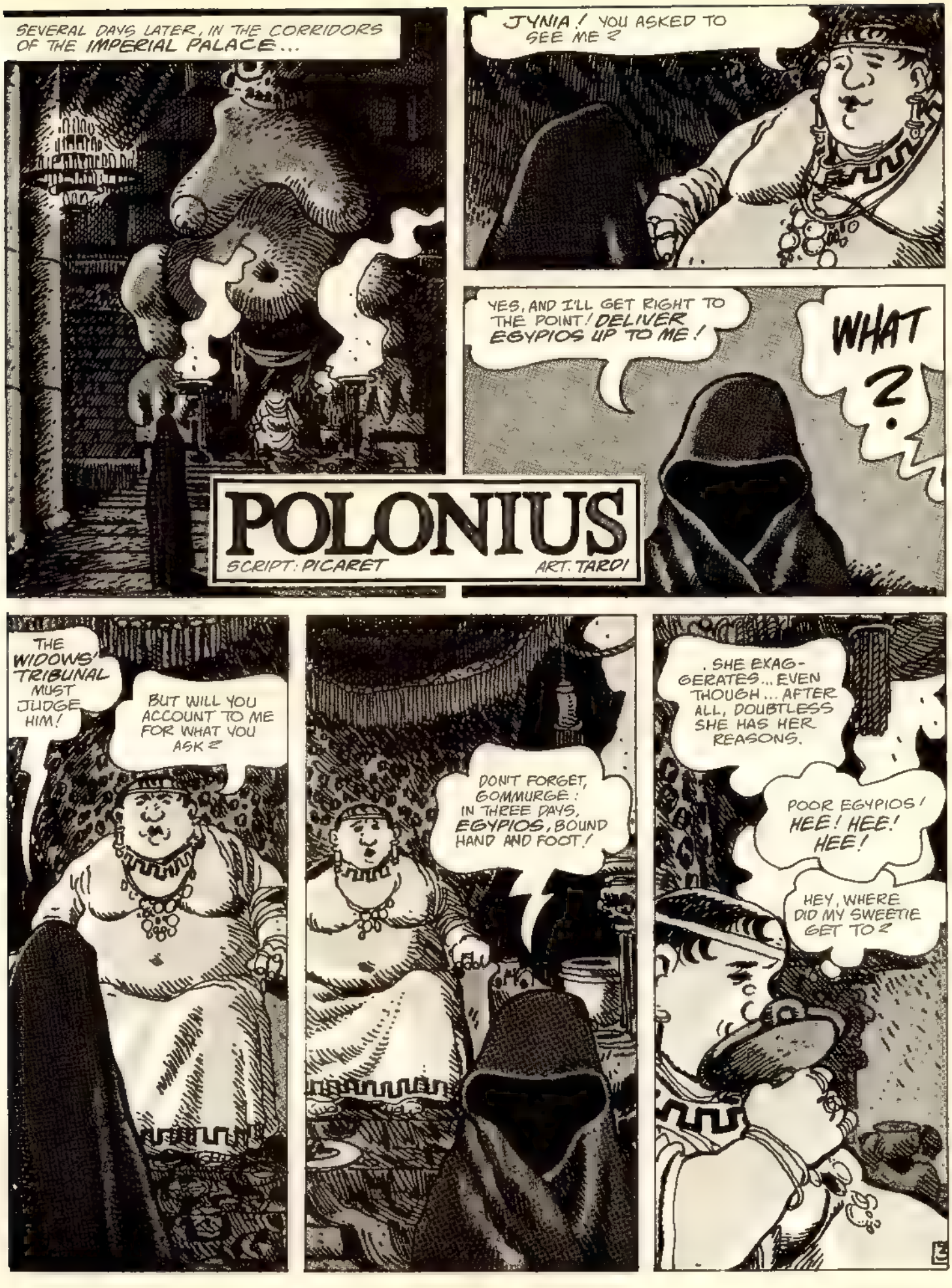
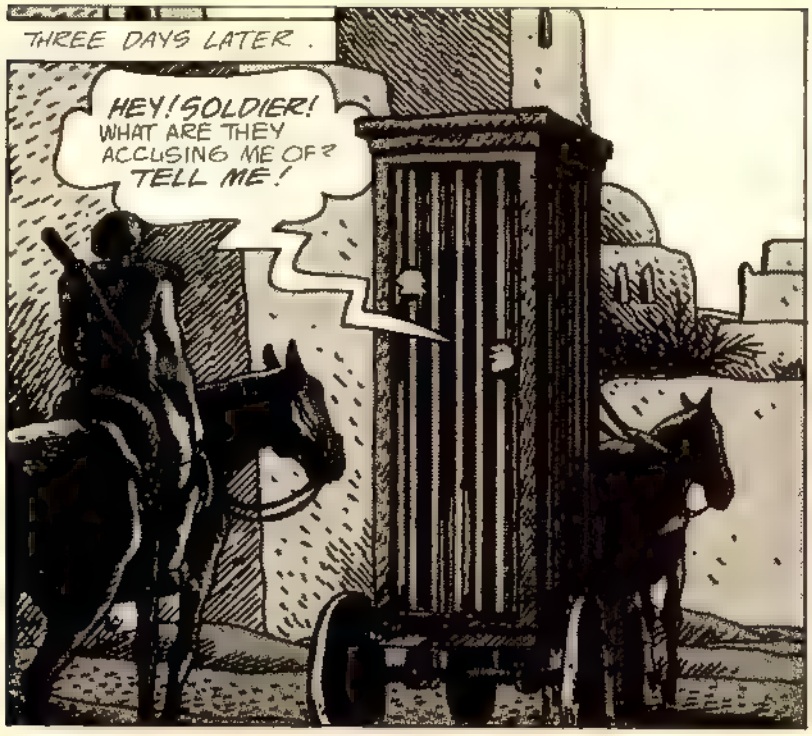
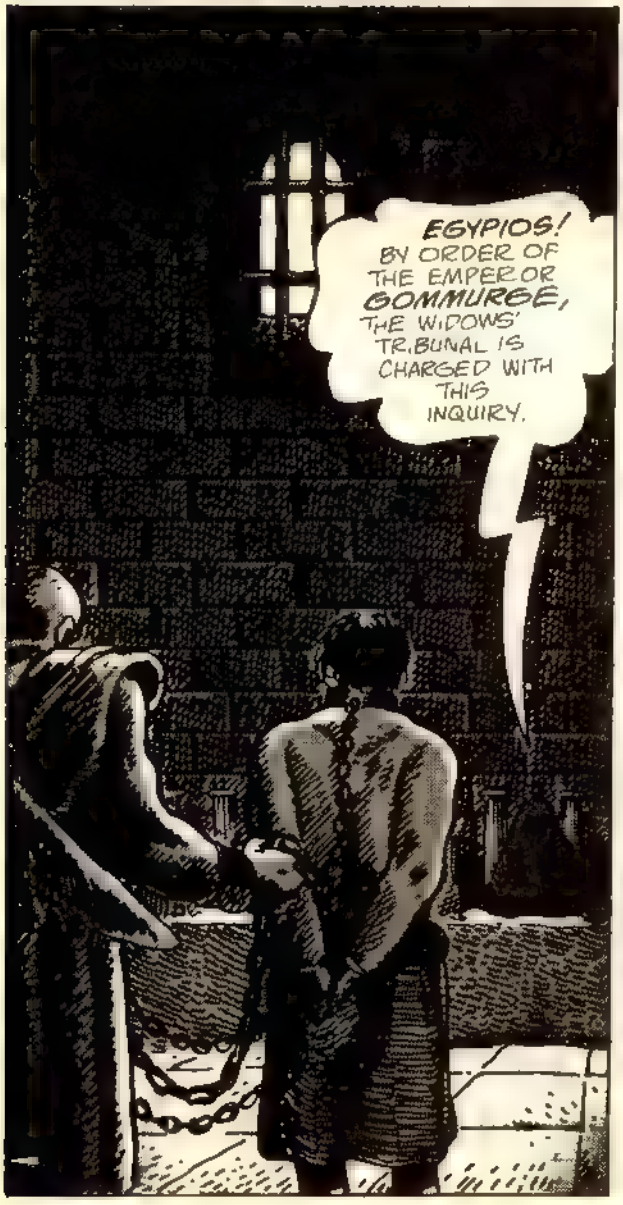

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN THE CORRIDORS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE...
JYNIA! YOU ASKED TO SEE ME?
YES, AND I'LL GET RIGHT TO THE POINT! DELIVER EGYPIOS UP TO ME!
WHAT?
POLONIUS
SCRIPT: PICARET
ART: TARDI
THE WIDOWS' TRIBUNAL MUST JUDGE HIM!
BUT WILL YOU ACCOUNT TO ME FOR WHAT YOU ASK?
DON'T FORGET, GOMMURGE: IN THREE DAYS, EGYPIOS, BOUND HAND AND FOOT!
. SHE EXAGGERATES... EVEN THOUGH... AFTER ALL, DOUBTLESS SHE HAS HER REASONS.
POOR EGYPIOS! HEE! HEE! HEE!
HEY, WHERE DID MY SWEETIE GET TO?

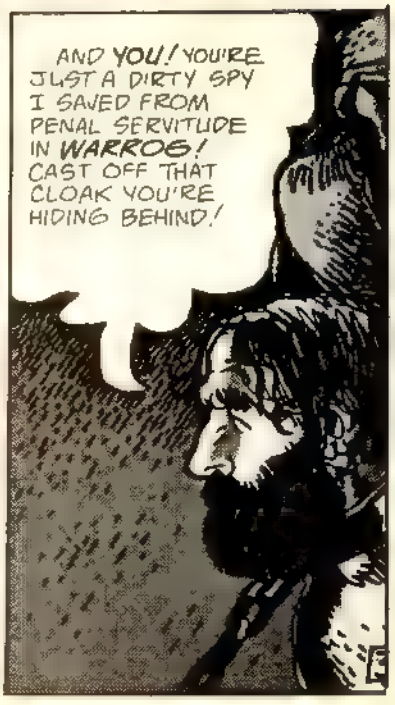

THREE DAYS LATER.
HEY! SOLDIER! WHAT ARE THEY ACCUSING ME OF? TELL ME!

THIS IS A DIRTY TRICK THEY'RE PLAYING ON ME! YES! A REALLY DIRTY TRICK!

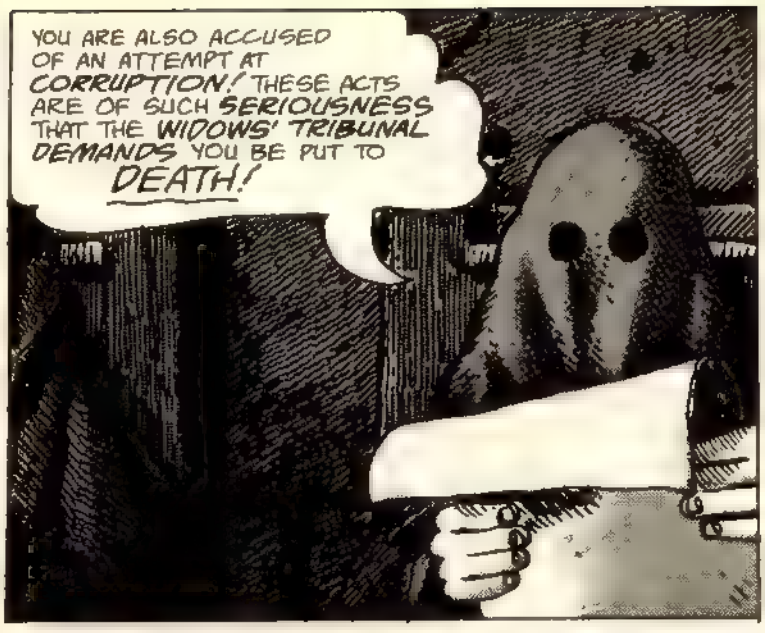

EGYPIOS! BY ORDER OF THE EMPEROR GOMMURGE, THE WIDOWS' TRIBUNAL IS CHARGED WITH THIS INQUIRY.

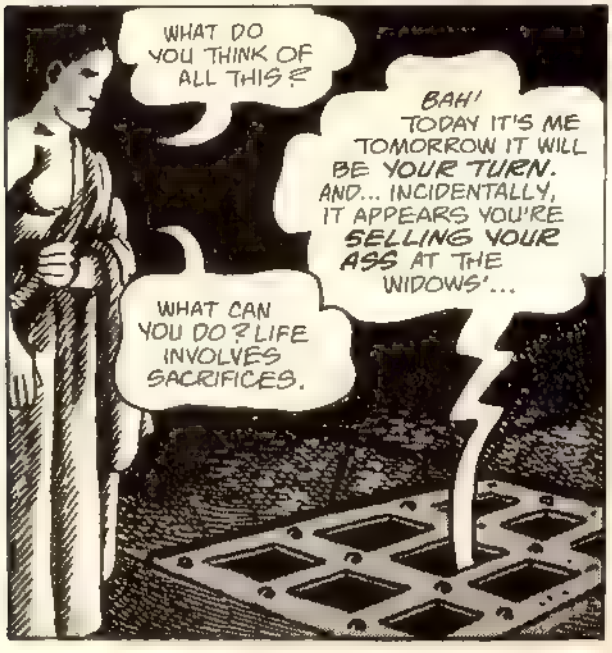
GO AHEAD.

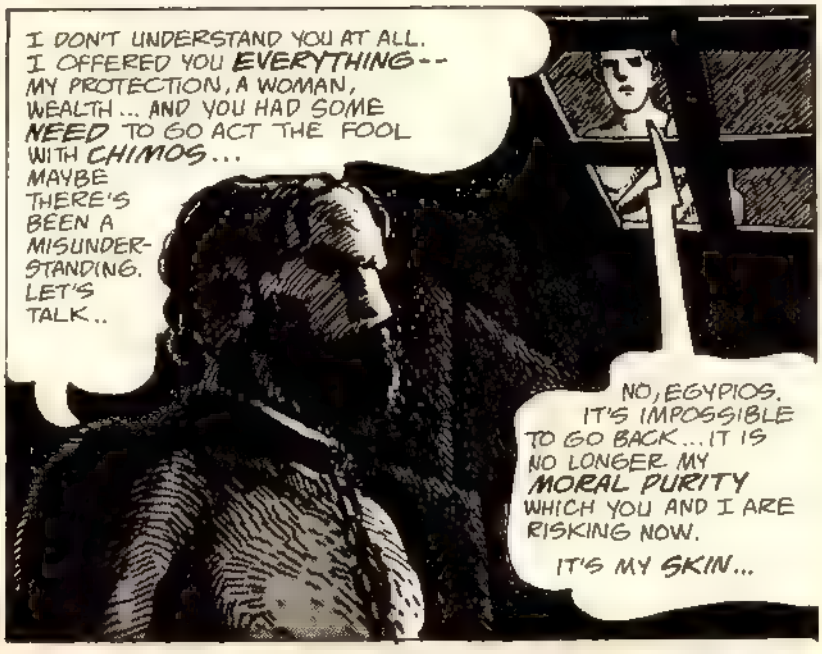
IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR GOMMURGE, AND AS PROSECUTOR FOR THE WIDOWS' TRIBUNAL, I ACCUSE YOU OF ATTEMPTED CONSPIRACY!

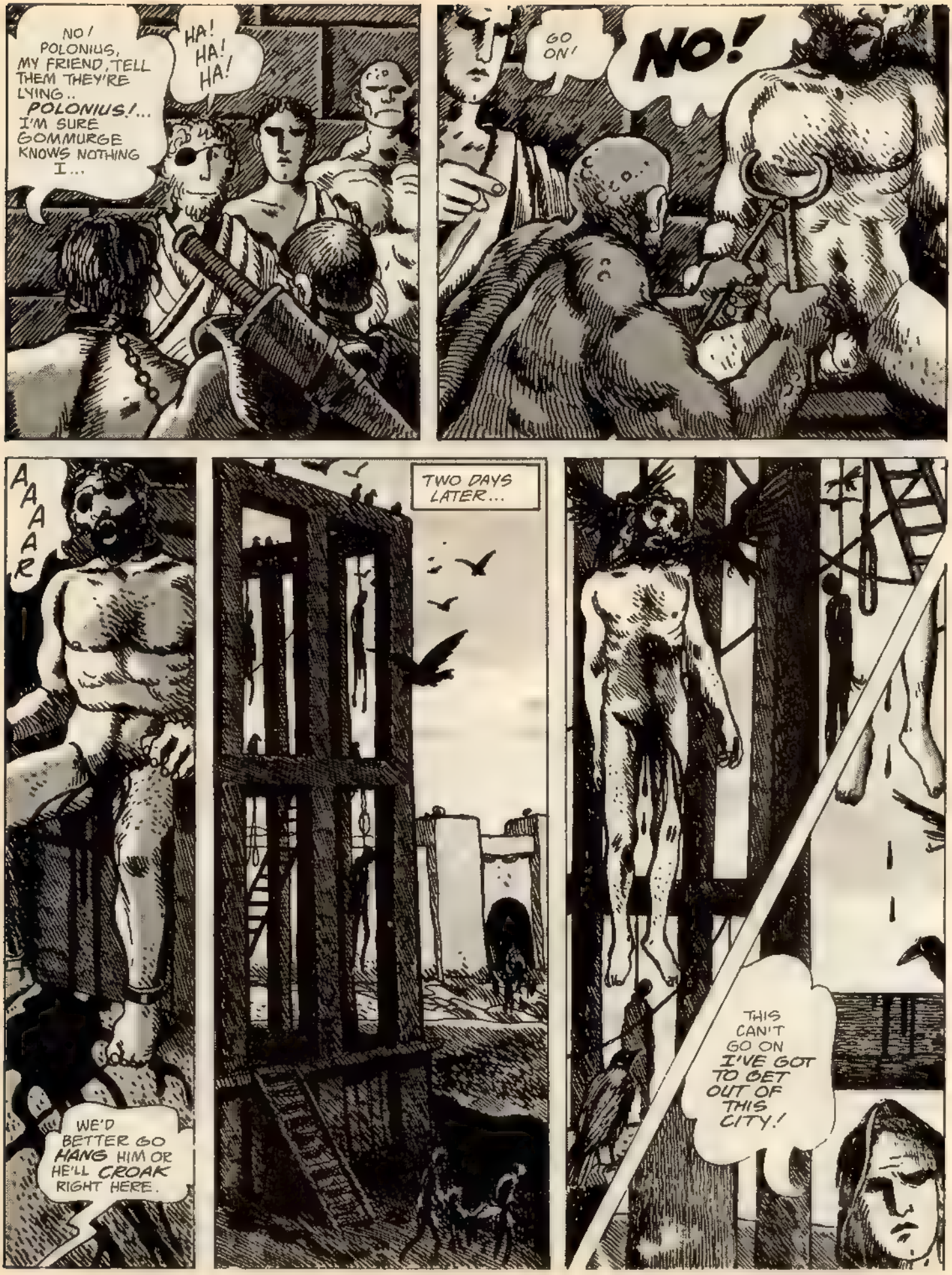

AND YOU! YOU'RE JUST A DIRTY SPY I SAVED FROM PENAL SERVITUDE IN WARROS! CAST OFF THAT CLOAK YOU'RE HIDING BEHIND!

AAH!


YOU ARE ALSO ACCUSED OF AN ATTEMPT AT CORRUPTION! THESE ACTS ARE OF SUCH SERIOUSNESS THAT THE WIDOWS' TRIBUNAL DEMANDS YOU BE PUT TO DEATH!


WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALL THIS?
BAH! TODAY IT'S ME TOMORROW IT WILL BE YOUR TURN. AND... INCIDENTALLY, IT APPEARS YOU'RE SELLING YOUR ASS AT THE WIDOWS'...
WHAT CAN YOU DO? LIFE INVOLVES SACRIFICES.

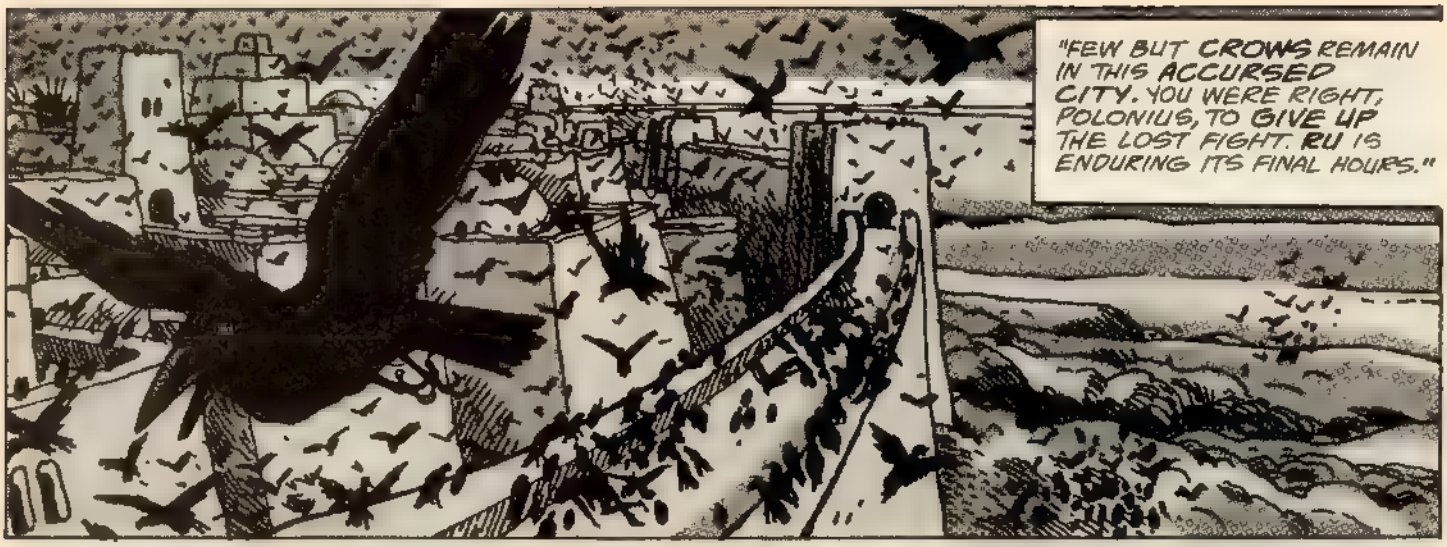

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU AT ALL. I OFFERED YOU EVERYTHING-- MY PROTECTION, A WOMAN, WEALTH... AND YOU HAD SOME NEED TO GO ACT THE FOOL WITH CHIMOS... MAYBE THERE'S BEEN A MISUNDER-STANDING. LET'S TALK..
NO, EGYPIOS. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GO BACK... IT IS NO LONGER MY MORAL PURITY WHICH YOU AND I ARE RISKING NOW.
IT'S MY SKIN...


NO! POLONIUS, MY FRIEND, TELL THEM THEY'RE LYING.. POLONIUS!... I'M SURE GOMMURGE KNOWS NOTHING I...
HA! HA! HA!
GO ON!
NO!
AAAAR
WE'D BETTER GO HANG HIM OR HE'LL CROAK RIGHT HERE.
TWO DAYS LATER...
THIS CAN'T GO ON I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS CITY!

AN EXECUTIONER, THAT'S WHAT I'VE BECOME ... HOW DID I TURN INTO THIS?
EZZULIA! WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?
JYNIA IS LOOKING FOR YOU. THERE'S ANOTHER PARTY TONIGHT
HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!
IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR YOU TO RETURN TO RU.
YOU SEE WHAT YOU ARE NOW... ONLY GOOD FOR GIVING PLEASURE ON COMMAND TO SOME KIND OF WIDOW. YOU'RE NOT ANYMORE!
YA! I'M A WHORE JUST LIKE YOU! BUT I'M NOT GOING BACK TO RU... THEY CAN HAVE FUN WITHOUT ME. I'VE DECIDED TO LEAVE.
YOU WON'T GET FAR. YOU'LL BE BACK, I'M SURE OF THAT! HA! HA! HA!

?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M DIGGING, SIR... I AM CONDEMNED TO DIG THIS PIT UNTIL THE END OF MY DAYS
TAKE THIS THING! CARRY IT WITH YOU ALWAYS! WITH THIS, YOU ARE FREE. NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO BOTHER YOU.
SIR, WHY DO ME SUCH A FAVOR?
IT'S OF NO USE TO ME ANY LONGER. FAREWELL!
FOR SEVERAL DAYS, POLONIUS HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN CAVE IN THE MOUNTAINS...
?
POLONIUS!

THIS IS THE END! THIS IS THE END!
YOU AGAIN!
LOOK! THIS IS THE END. IT IS AS I TOLD YOU... THERE IS A PLAGUE IN RU IT'S SPREADING THROUGH THE WHOLE CITY WITH AMAZING SPEED.
LOOK, THIS IS JYNIA'S SARCOPHAGUS SHE DIED LAST NIGHT!
"ALL THE PRAYERS TO THE GROTESQUE GODS OF RU WILL AVAIL NOTHING.. LOOK AT THE ALLEYS, STREWN WITH CORPSES WHICH NO ONE ANY LONGER HAS THE COURAGE TO BURN."
"EZZULIA, TOO, IS AT THE POINT OF DEATH "


"FEW BUT CROWS REMAIN IN THIS ACCURSED CITY. YOU WERE RIGHT, POLONIUS, TO GIVE UP THE LOST FIGHT. RU IS ENDURING ITS FINAL HOURS."

I HOPE YOU WILL BELIEVE ME THIS TIME .

YES... BUT WAIT! WAIT!

FASCINATED BY WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD, HE FELT AN IRRESISTIBLE DESIRE TO RETURN THERE, ONE LAST TIME.

GOMMURGE!
WHAT A STENCH!
FIN

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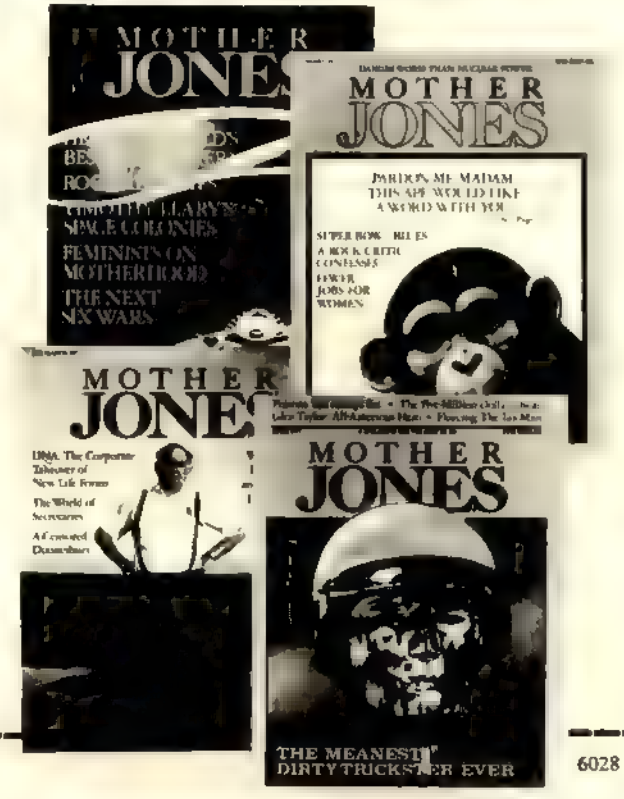

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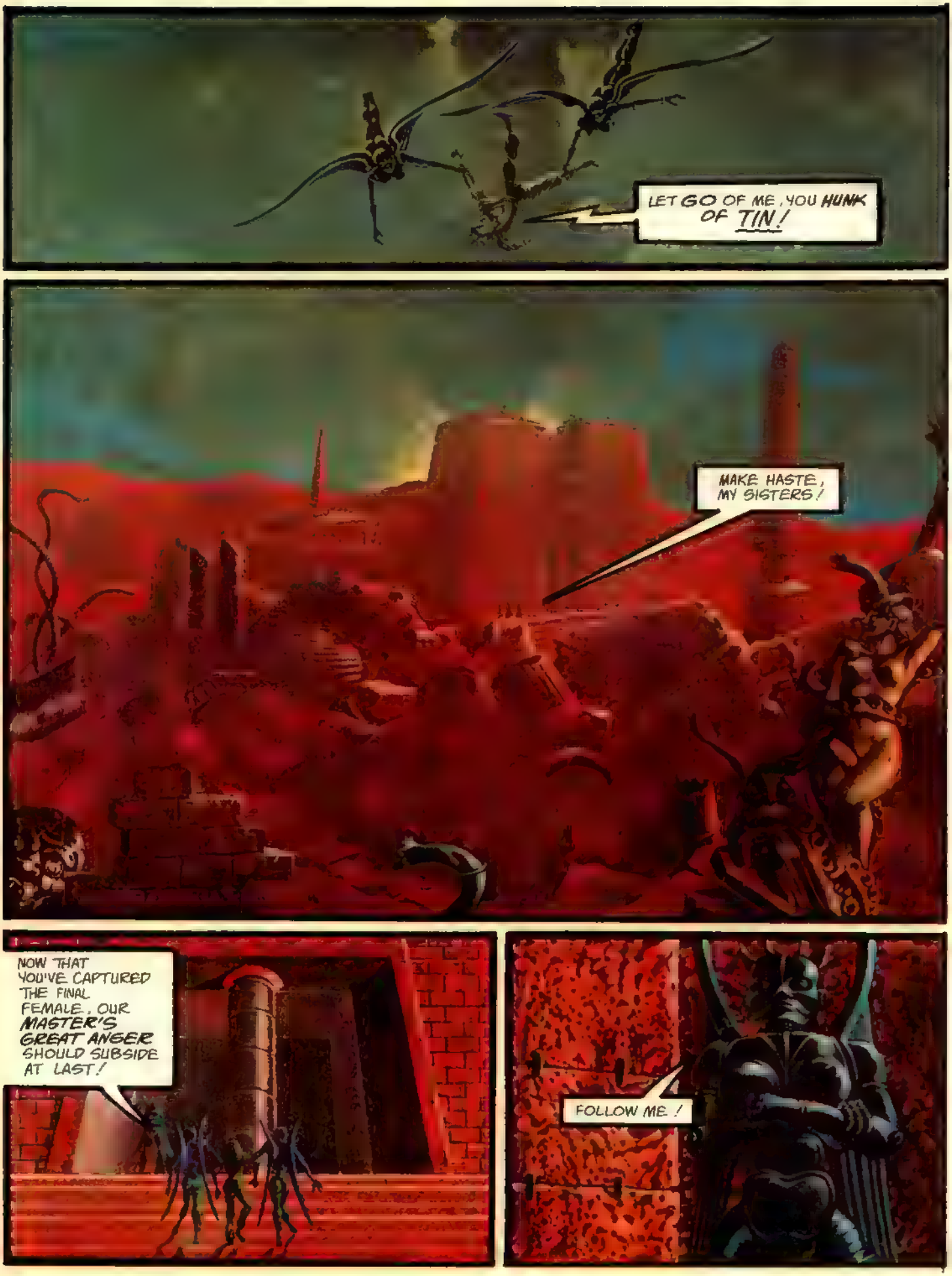
IN THESE DESOLATE TIMES, THE HEAVENS THROW UP STRANGE THINGS
NICOLLET
"MASTER"
GODDAMNIT, FOR GOD'S SAKE...

I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LETTING ANYONE SHIT ON ME! NO ONE! EVER!!
PSSST..
MY GOD, THAT'S REALLY DISGUSTING!
SISTER! AT LAST, OUR EFFORTS HAVE BEEN REWARDED!
IT'S THAT HEALTHY YOUNG FEMALE WE'VE BEEN WATCHING!
SWIFTLY OVERPOWERED, THE POOR GIRL SUBMITTED TO THE VIOLENT ASSAULTS OF THE FILTHY CREATURE.. BUT...


LET GO OF ME, YOU HUNK OF TIN!
MAKE HASTE, MY SISTERS!
NOW THAT YOU'VE CAPTURED THE FINAL FEMALE, OUR MASTER'S GREAT ANGER SHOULD SUBSIDE AT LAST!
FOLLOW ME!

AH, BEHOLD THIS JEWEL BEYOND COMPARE! I AM NOT IN THE LEAST DISAPPOINTED; IT WAS FOR THIS THAT I CEASELESSLY LAUNCHED MY DEVOTED ROBOTS THROUGHOUT THIS SAD AND FROZEN WORLD; NOR WAS I CERTAIN THEY WOULD BRING YOU TO ME: BUT YOUR SMILE NOW IS MORE THAN SUFFICIENT REWARD!

AND WITH YOUR WHOLESOME BEAUTY, YOU AND I WILL PRODUCE A NEW RACE, ALONE AS WE ARE UPON THIS DESOLATE WORLD.
AND SO, MY MASTER, YOU ARE DRIVING ME AWAY? YOU HAVE GROWN WEARY OF MY STERILE WOMB AND ARE NOW INFLAMED BY SUCH VULGAR CHARMS AS THESE?
WELL, MY MASTER, TO PLEASE YOU THE MORE, I SHALL PUT AN END, WITH THIS KNIFE DIPPED IN POISON, TO THIS LIFE WHICH ONCE QUIVERED COMPLETELY IN YOUR HANDS!... FAREWELL, TRAITOR! MAY YOU BE DAMNED!
SIR, HAVE YOU DECIDED?
I'M TIRED OF HER STERILITY. SHE MUST CERTAINLY BE CAST OUT!

SO LET HER BEGIN HER JOURNEY TO THE SHADOWY KINGDOM. AND IN THE MOMENT OF OUR UNION'S CONSUMMATION, MAY WE BEGIN TO REPEOPLE THE WORLD WITH HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN.
With her gentle gaze she won my heart,
With her regal bearing she charmed me,
But she, too, has been contaminated by
That goddamn radiation!
WHAT IS WITH THIS GUY? HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!
A LIFE WITHOUT PURPOSE, A DEATH WITHOUT PROGENY! ALL MY MASTERY HAS LED ME TO THIS, JUST TO THIS...
AS FOR YOU, DEMON, BACK TO HELL WITH YOU!!!!

I, THE LAST ADAM, BETRAYED EVEN BY MY ROBOTS! DARK NECTAR, DO YOUR WORK! SHORTEN MY TORMENTS!

IT'S A HELL OF A LIFE.

FIN

What's weirder than a time warp, unique as a unicorn? A magazine that's totally new in concept, a magazine that's brilliantly executed, a magazine that has real impact on its readers. Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine, is one

Published by Twenty First Century Communications, the creators of National Lampoon, it began in March of '77 with a limited distribution. Within months, its sales had tripled

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We have quoted a fan who wrote to us: "Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost"

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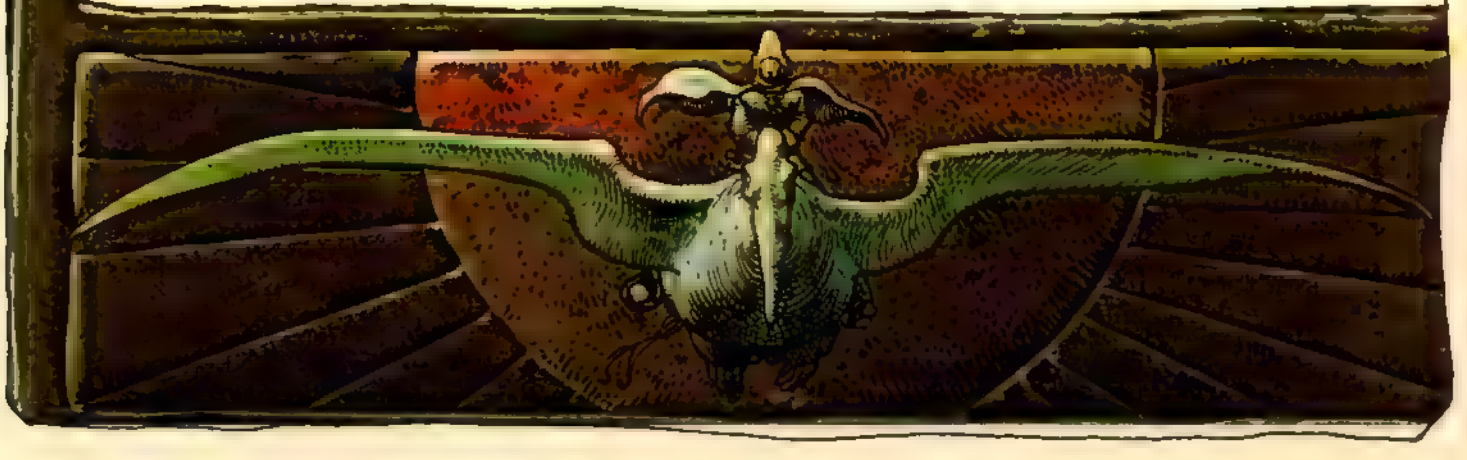

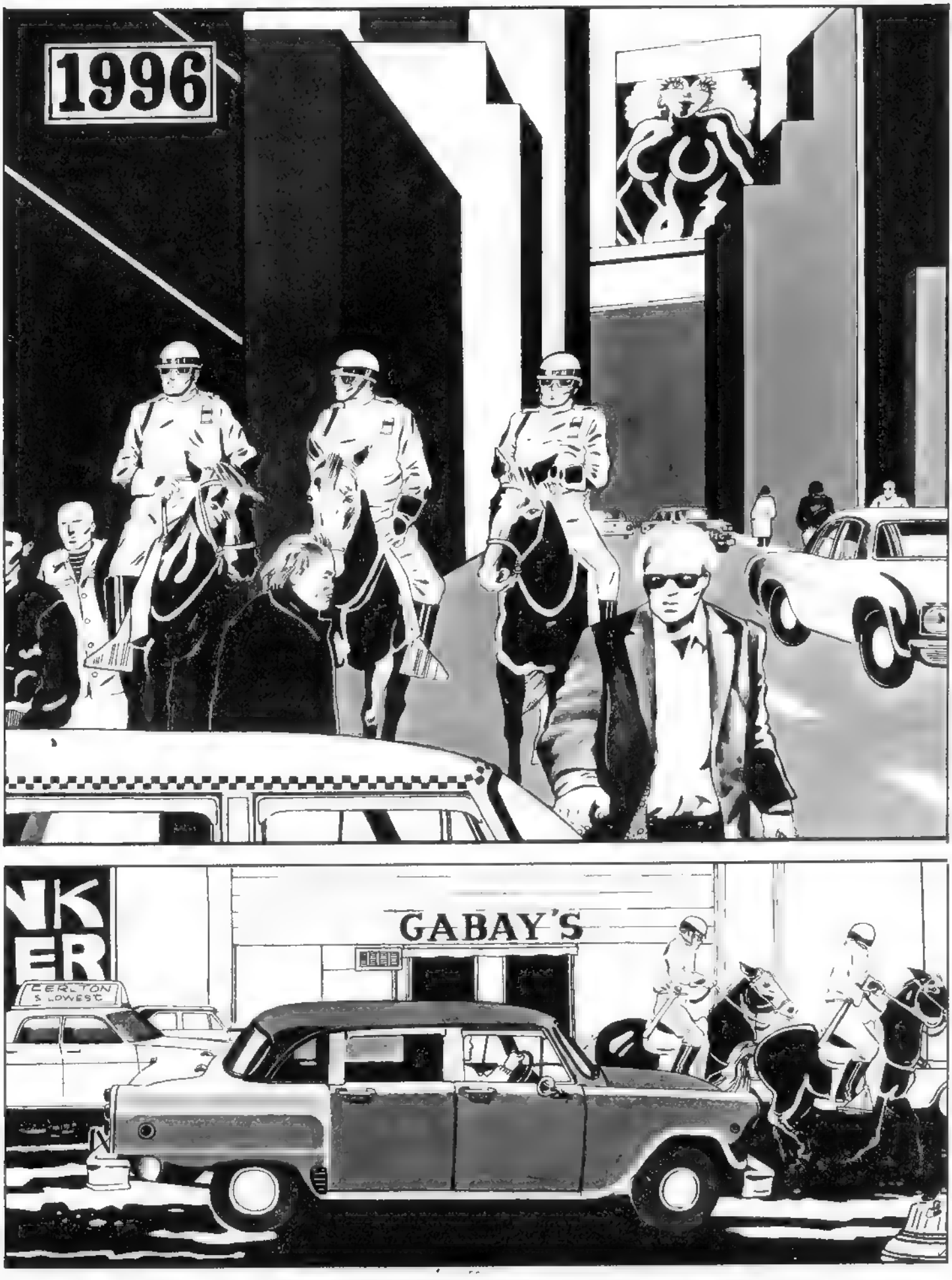
1996
GABAY'S

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SPARE CHANGE?
HEY MISDER, GODANY SPARE CHANGE?
MISDER?
HEY, MISDER?
"Pepsi please"
HEY!
PLINK! PLONK!

7UP
2702
William
YO! ALFREDO!
ALFREDO! MUH BOWA! HOWYU DLINE?
AW-RIDE!
AN YU, MARCO?
WUTCHABIN UBDA?
O, ME, YUNO

CMIN! DSABID QUIDER HERE...
SO, SIDOWN, MUH BOWA!
HEY! YU PUD ID UB!
WUDJA SAY? THE GRAYD WHIDE HOBE, ER WUD?
HEY!
YA, SHUR, LIGE YU SED! BUD DON HOLDJER BREOTH TIL YUHSEE THE GRAYD WHIDE HOBE INA RING!
FUKN SHAME!

"CITIZENS OF THE WHITE RACE MAY NOT PARTICIPATE IN DANGEROUS OR PROFESSIONAL SPORTS." LAW, JULY 9, 1994.

RYD!
WEL... WAN SUMTHIN DU DRINK?
PAF!
YA, THANGS. DLIGE THAD ALOT. GODDA COGE?
MARCH
HMMMMM...
MARS
MMM...
SO, SUNNY BOWA, WUD BRINGZYU ROUN?
To be continued...

First, there was *National Lampoon's Lemmings...*

Then, the *National Lampoon Show...*

And now...

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Here are some of the upcoming show dates:

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	23	Univ. of New Haven, New Haven, Conn.
	24–25	My Father's Place, Roslyn, N.Y.
	26	Jersey City State College, Jersey City, N.J.
	27	Middlesex County College, Edison, N.J.
	28–10/1	The Bijou, Philadelphia, Pa.
October	2	Tufts Univ., Boston, Mass.
	5–9	Paul's Mall, Boston, Mass.
	10–12	Cellar Door, Washington, D.C.
	13	Univ. of Maryland, College Park, Md.
	14	Empire Theatre, Richmond, Va.
	15	Bogie's, Knoxville, Tenn.
	16–17	Exit Inn, Nashville, Tenn.
	18	Nicholls State Univ., Thibodaux, La.
October	19–22	Electric Ballroom, Atlanta, Ga.
	23	Armstrong College, Savanna, Ga.
	26	Ivanhoe Theatre, Chicago, Ill.
	27–28	Rev's Flying Circus, Milwaukee, Wisc.
	29	Royal Oak Theatre, Detroit, Mich.
	30	Duquesne Univ., Pittsburgh, Pa.
	31	The Agora, Cleveland, Ohio
November	2–5	El Mocambo, Toronto, Canada
	6	Queens University, Kingston, Ont.
	15	Monmouth College, W. Long Branch, N.J.
	16	Towson State College, Towson, Maryland
	17	Old Dominion Univ., Norfolk, Va.
	25–12/4	Coconut Grove, Miami, Florida

BARBER